

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## CHRISTINA NORTH.

BY E. M. ARCHER.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE was a buzz of talk going on in the Cleasbys' drawing-room; the gentlemen were standing about on the hearth-rug, and the ladies were grouped together discussing their doings of the past day without much help from their hostess, when Mrs. Oswestry and Christina were announced. There was an effort made on the part of the other guests not to show any especial interest, nor betray their consciousness that Christina's presence was to be accounted for by the event which had entirely revolutionized her prospects; but, in spite of their appearance of well-bred indifference, Christina could not help feeling that they were sitting in judgment upon her, and that their verdict would be delivered that night. This was not an occasion upon which she was likely to lose her self-possession. Walter had met her at the door; and although he did not remain near her, the consciousness of his presence had overpowered all else. She was ready to talk when Miss Cleasby made her known to some of the older and more aristocratic ladies, and she was not in the least embarrassed by their kind but somewhat patronizing manner, nor by the inspection to which their daughters subjected her, looking at her from under their eyelids, measuring her height, and

wondering how she did her hair. She was not shy, because she was too proud to be very anxious to please.

Mr. Warde arrived last, looking rather out of place, some people thought, among the well-dressed guests and the gilded furniture; but he, like Christina, was conscious of no social deficiencies, and to no one had the hostess' manner been more warm and unconstrained. Dinner was announced, and Walter, inwardly pitying himself, walked off with Lady Bassett, whilst Christina was allotted to young Mr. Creed. It was a large dinner-party, like most country dinner-parties, to which people come five or six miles, chiefly because they are asked and have nothing better to do; not for the sake of much pleasure to themselves or others. Though there was no lack of talk and both the host and hostess were young and clever and could be agreeable when they chose, it was in fact a sufficiently dull entertainment. Not that it appeared so to Christina; it was all new to her, and she was young and happy and ready to be amused.

There was music in the evening. The young people clustered round the piano-forte and sang together. Christina sat in the background on a low chair, leaning against the crimson curtains. She had laughed and talked. Her eyes had brightened and her cheeks had flushed

with excitement; but now she was still and silent, listening to the music as in a dream.

"That is a pretty girl," said Admiral Creed to old Miss Westburne, the rich maiden lady of the neighbourhood, a rather censorious person of whom everybody was more or less afraid. "She has beauty enough for ten; upon my word, I don't wonder at Cleasby."

"Do you ever wonder at anyone?" asked Miss Westburne, with a little sourness in her voice. "For my part I have left off wondering long ago. People used now and then to do something sensible and take one by surprise; but it is not the way of the present generation. As to Captain Cleasby, I am sure I don't wish to blame him; I suppose he has a right to judge for himself, and if he is foolish, so are other young men."

They were sitting upon an ottoman in a recess of the room, and both music and talk were going on round them, yet Admiral Creed felt apprehensive of being overheard and hastened to change the subject.

"What has become of young Oswestry?" his son was saying to Mr. Sim, the architect; "I thought he worked with you; but I see that his mother is here and he is not."

"No, no, he left Overton some time ago," Mr. Sim answered; "he took a fancy for a change. I used to think that he would have turned out a first-rate man; but he grew restless, and now I imagine that he is an anxiety to his mother."

"Mrs. Oswestry," said Augusta, in a low voice, bending down to her as she spoke, "look at Christina; what can she be thinking of?—what has come over her?"

Christina was sitting exactly where she had been when Admiral Creed called attention to her; but the excitement and happiness had died out of her eyes. They were fixed upon the distance with a look of dreamy regret, and her hands lay listlessly in her lap.

She had caught a part of Mr. Sim's speech; but it was not that which had

wrought the change. No, it was only that some one was singing an old song which Bernard had sung long ago. There was nothing in the words, but they came to her laden with the memory of the past:—

"Is it to try me  
That you thus fly me?  
Can you deny me  
Day after day!"

Again she saw him, standing under the apple-tree at the Homestead, and singing it to her, half in jest, one day when she had been capricious and uncertain. How near they had been to each other, and what an impassable gulf lay between them now! He had said that he forgave her, but never again could they be as they had been; never could the old days of childish fondness and youthful friendship return. She thought of him now, saddened and restless, and her heart failed her, with a sense of what she had done and of the irrevocableness of the past. She knew that to-night she had been courted and admired; she knew that it was but the beginning of what her life would be; that, for her, love and wealth would do all which they could do to make her happy; that in a few weeks or months she would be transplanted into this new region, and she would leave behind the old days of weariness and struggling poverty; and with this leave also all that belonged to Bernard—all that belonged to that time,—the charm of their familiar intercourse and the bond of affectionate friendship.

"Are you tired?" It was Walter's voice which roused her from her dream. She started, and coloured with a sense of ingratitude at having for a moment forgotten him. His voice at once recalled her to the present. They were singing a war march, and her regrets were drowned in its noisy triumph. When Miss Cleasby looked at her the next moment she was smiling and playing with a rose which Walter had given her. So it is with our thoughts which we flash for a moment before each other's eyes: in a passing impulse or a pang of regret we let the truth shine

forth ; but perhaps it dies within ourselves,—at least it dies to other eyes before they can fathom its meaning.

For the time she thrust memory aside ; but in the darkness and silence of the night, again it put the past before her. It was not that she could have been content to part with what she had gained ; it was not that she could have renounced the present, to which Walter Cleasby belonged. She knew that she was happier than she had ever hoped to be ; yet at this moment of the accomplishment of her own desire, regret for what she had lost would still find a place. It was only the natural longing which rises in our human hearts for that which time or circumstance, or even our choice, has put beyond our reach. It was only because we treasure the remembrance of the places which we may never see again ; of the hands which may clasp ours no longer ; of the words which may never be repeated ; of the love which may never be expressed : it is all dear to us still ; it is laid up in our hearts with the tender memories of childhood. True, we are richer, happier, and content with what we have ; more has been added year by year of knowledge and friendship and love. What we have may be a compensation—it may be more than a compensation ; but what is lost is gone, and to replace is not to restore. The print of the Saviour which hangs over the nursery chimney-piece is no longer our ideal of divine beauty ; but which of Raphael's most wonderful conceptions can ever, in the same way, represent the material part of our faith ? The tones of the old parish organ are neither so rich nor so powerful that they cannot easily be surpassed ; yet with what other instrument shall we ever again hear the angelic voices blending ? Thus it is that, look onward as we may to a future illuminated by Hope, we must still have yearnings towards the past and lost.

Christina could not at times refuse to remember ; but yet each day was beautiful, and she was living in a wonderful dream of mysterious happiness. Only

if Walter need not go away ! It was a month since his engagement, nearly the end of October ; Mr. Waltham had returned to town, and he had no longer any excuse for lingering at Overton.

"You see, Christina," he said, "we shall never be married, unless I go away to get these things settled. It would never do for us to be married, and then have the worry of settlements afterwards. Besides, I am not sure that your grandfather yet reposes in me all the confidence I deserve, and I don't believe that he would allow it."

"I don't care so very much about being married," said Christina perversely. Captain Cleasby laughed ; but he went away, though complaining of the fate which made a man inherit landed property whether he liked it or not.

When he was gone, Christina went back to her old way of life, and everything, except herself, seemed to be unchanged. There were the hours of attendance upon her grandfather ; there were the busy mornings, the silent evenings and solitude as of old ; but these things could not affect her now. A wonderful feeling of repose had come over her. It seemed that her future lay plain before her, and that happiness was waiting for her there. She was too young and too sanguine to be anxious ; she was too trusting to be disturbed by fears. Walter had taken her fate into his hands, and she was ready to confide it to him. It was not that even now she imagined that he loved her as she loved him ; but she could not upon that account keep back anything of what she had to give. Happiness had not made her impatient ; she was content to wait ; and in the meantime she rested in her faith.

Miss Cleasby came often to the White House ; she had made friends with Mr. North, and she told Mr. Warde that she had chosen him for the object of her Christian charity, in preference to going among the poor people whom she could not understand. Nevertheless, she did one day visit the school, turned Don in among the children, and succeeded in creating a general disturb-

ance, of which she was, however, apparently so innocent a cause, and for which she apologized so meekly, that even Mr. Warde, who could not suspect it of being intentional, saw no ground for just reproof, and could only concur in her declaration that she was really unfitted for parochial duties. He thought it was a pity; for when she did undertake any office of kindness he was struck by the tact and good-will with which she carried it out. In spite of her lazy indifferent manner, her servants and the few of her inferiors with whom she came in contact were all devoted to her, and with Mr. North she had gained, in spite of his prejudices, an influence which excited everyone's astonishment. He delighted in her conversation, made her invariably welcome, and seemed to forget his dislike to her family when she was spoken of.

Ten days had passed since Captain Cleasby left Overton. He had written frequently both to his sister and to Christina, but with little mention of his plans or doings: only he said he was longing to get out of London; there was hardly anyone in town and he was intensely bored; but the lawyers were so dilatory that he could not get away. Then at last there came a letter to his sister, saying that he intended to come home by the last train on the following day; but he did not wish Christina to be told. "It will be so late that I shall not be able to see her until the morning," he wrote, "and she would only worry herself if she knew that I was in the place."

Augusta was surprised. It was true that he would not reach home until between nine and ten in the evening; and, in Mr. North's present state of health, it would no doubt be better that he should not at that hour disturb the household at the White House; but yet it seemed to her that the secrecy he enjoyed was unnatural and the caution unnecessary. She went down to the White House in the afternoon with her letter in her pocket; but finding that though Christina had heard from him that morning, yet she was in complete

ignorance of his return being fixed for the same evening, she followed his instructions and did not enlighten her.

Mr. North was less well that day. Mrs. Oswestry had been with him, and now she was waiting in the study until the doctor should have paid his visit. Augusta went in and sat down to talk to her. She liked her thoughtful conversation, and took pleasure in her society.

After a time Christina joined them. She threw on some wood, and stirred the fire into a blaze, for it was growing dusk. Augusta took up her hat and talked of going home, but Christina would not let her.

"Wait a little longer," she said; "it will not be much darker than it is now in half an hour's time, and Mr. Warde is with grandpapa now: if you wait until he comes out from his room, he will walk home with you."

"No, thanks," said Augusta, blushing and rising as she spoke. "No, I need not take him out of his way. After all, it is but a step to our own gates."

"I am sure he is in no hurry," began Christina; and just then Mr. Warde entered the room, and she added, "I was asking Miss Cleasby to wait a little that you might walk home with her as it has grown so dark."

"I shall be most happy; but will you mind waiting for a few minutes, Miss Cleasby? Dr. Evans has only just gone in to see Mr. North, and I should like to hear what he thinks of him. He seems to me to be very failing to-night."

Augusta acquiesced; and they sat down in a group before the fire. Perhaps it was the half-acknowledged consciousness that the old man upstairs was slowly approaching his end, perhaps it was the influence of the half-darkened room; but, as they sat together, a serious and speculative spirit came over their talk.

"And after all we know so little about anything," Augusta was saying; "we are always groping in the dark, and the worst of it is that we think we have cat's eyes. Of course we go wrong,



but then it is our ignorance ; if anyone would give me a candle, I would promise not to stumble half as often as I do now."

"But do not people often blow out their candles, and then complain of the darkness?" asked Mrs. Oswestry.

"Sometimes one would rather be in the dark," said Christina.

There was a pause, and then Mr. Warde joined in the talk.

"What kind of knowledge is it that you desire, Miss Cleasby?" he said.

"Not what people call useful knowledge. It doesn't matter to me whether the sun goes round the earth or the earth goes round the sun; I never wanted to know the number of the stars, and it would not occur to me to pull a flower to pieces to see how it is made. I like the mystery in which such things are hidden from our profane eyes. But I should like to know just a little about myself and other people. I understand Don; he growls when he is angry and wags his tail when he is pleased; but if he had a reasoning faculty he would very likely growl when he is pleased and wag his tail when he is angry, just for the purpose of taking me in. And who is to make a fresh beginning? we can't go back all at once into Paradise, and know each other as Adam and Eve knew each other."

"Not all at once, certainly, Miss Cleasby," said the clergyman, "not all at once, if ever in this world. Can we suppose that perfect sympathy existed after the fall? It is only the old question of the origin of evil."

"But you will allow it is perplexing. Why do we so easily get out of tune with ourselves and with everything else?"

"There is harmony nevertheless," said Mr. Warde. He was not accustomed to speak in metaphors, but he was strong in his own belief, and Augusta could not altogether bewilder him. "The notes may seem to jar, but there is harmony in the universe; we are part of the great plan, and even now we can foretell the effect of our actions."

Christina gave a rapid retrospective glance upon her life, and exclaimed against his doctrine.

"No," she said, "it is all unexpected; it is all a surprise. I like not to know what is coming; it is better not to know."

"Well, it is a strange world!" said Augusta. "I wish I could understand it."

"Then where would be the need for faith?" said Mr. Warde; and at that moment Mrs. North interrupted the current of their talk, coming in to tell them the doctor's opinion. He did not apprehend any immediate danger, she said, nor did he see any material change in his patient; but Mr. North was an old man, and no doubt he was failing. There remained nothing to be done, and Miss Cleasby walked up the hill to her house under Mr. Warde's escort in quite as serious a frame of mind as her companion could have desired.

"One cannot help being glad that Christina is not to spend the rest of her life in that dismal house," she said; and then stopped suddenly, remembering that Mr. Warde had no doubt thought of this before, when he had hoped that she would leave it, but not in the way in which she was leaving it now.

"No doubt one must be glad," he said; and then, as if to relieve her from the awkwardness of having touched, however lightly, upon his private affairs, he pursued the subject: "I am not so selfish as not to rejoice in her happiness," he said; and Augusta perceived with surprise and pleasure that there was nothing of the disappointed lover in his tone; "no doubt it is better as it is, and, in this world, one must lose where another gains."

"Yes, I lose something," said Augusta, skilfully turning the conversation away from him. "It is pleasant to come first with somebody, and until the last month I had held the first place in my brother's thoughts. I don't want to complain, and I know that it is all as it should be; but it feels a little strange and forlorn sometimes."

She turned to him as she spoke; and in the dusky light he could just see her clear grey eyes turned upon him for the first time with a look of appeal; but he strode on in silence and could make no answer. He was accustomed to hear his poor people's griefs and perplexities and to give them his ready sympathy, joined, as the case might be, with counsel or reproof; but when Miss Cleasby, whom he had always regarded as unapproachably prosperous, unbent so far as to tell him that she too had troubles and privations,—when she turned, to him of all people, to say that it “felt a little strange and forlorn sometimes,” he was for once puzzled, and was not ready, as a clergyman should have been, to improve the occasion.

“What does one do, I wonder, when, as one goes on in life, one's friends drop away, and one's own particular worshipper walks off to kneel at another shrine?” said Augusta, thoughtfully; “I am one of your flock, you know, Mr. Warde, and you ought to be able to tell me. Has one to light one's own lamp and put on the fresh flowers for oneself?”

“I suppose that it would not be difficult for most people to find a more worthy object of worship,” said Mr. Warde; and then he feared that he had been unkind and severe, and went on, suddenly embarrassed, and hesitating under the difficulty of expressing his meaning. “I understand,” he said; “it must make a great difference to you; you must of course feel the change. I am sure if I could ever—if I could be of any service to you—I should be very glad if I could do anything.”

“Oh yes, thanks,” said Augusta; and she laughed a little softly at his offer, thinking of her own speech a moment before, and wondering if he could mean that he would be ready to kneel at “her shrine,” as she had called it; “but I don't know that you could do anything, and you broad-church people ought to have nothing to do with shrines. Still I will remember, and if I am ever in a difficulty I will certainly look to you as

a friend. Good night, Mr. Warde. Thank you so much for bringing me home.”

She ran up the steps as the door was opened, and disappeared into the flood of lamp-light which streamed out at it; and the door was shut upon Mr. Warde, and he strode down the hill, more rapidly than he had mounted it, telling himself, as Christina had told herself on that evening in the summer, that he had nothing to do with the Park, and that he would never have anything to do with it. But whilst Christina had cried out, in her girlish, impatient way, against the hardness of her fate, he set his face as a man to the work which lay before him, in the cottages on the heath, and in the little village church, and in the hearts of his parishioners. Though a momentary chill had fallen upon him as he turned from the closed door, he had warmed again to his duty before he came out upon the public road.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

NINE o'clock had struck a quarter of an hour ago, and Miss Cleasby sat in the drawing-room, waiting for her brother's arrival. She had made the fire burn brightly, and the little round table was laid for their *tête-à-tête* dinner, because she thought that it would look more comfortable than spread in the cold magnificence of the dining-room. She was thinking how nice it would be to have him at home again, and to have him, for one evening at least, all to herself.

“We will have some champagne, Lewis,” she had said to the butler, who had lived with them all their lives and had grown into a confidential servant; “we will have some champagne, as Mr. Walter is coming home.” She was quite excited by the prospect of seeing him and of hearing all that he had to tell; and when she heard the sound of wheels she ran out and met him in the hall.

“Walter, how pale you look!” she said, the moment after she had kissed him; “what have you been doing to yourself?”

"Nothing special," he said, rather shortly, and made no response to her affectionate greeting. He threw his hat down upon the table, and busied himself searching for something in his coat pocket.

"Is there anything the matter?" his sister went on, so much struck by his changed looks that she could not help commenting upon them.

"I am cold and hungry, as you would be after a three-mile drive in November. If there is any dinner to be had, suppose you go in to it, instead of staring at me as if I was the tenth wonder of the world." His jaded, irritated tone was so unlike himself that his sister turned away in silent astonishment; yet the next moment she heard him make some joking remark to Lewis, and he lingered in the hall playing with the dogs.

She had looked forward to their little social meal as the time when she would hear all his news: the gossip and talk about acquaintances whilst the servants were present, and afterwards the more serious and important part of it. But he was moody and uncommunicative, and her questions seemed to annoy him. He asked for home news, but he did not listen to what she told him. He drank more wine than usual, and she noticed that he hardly touched food; yet when she remonstrated he answered lightly.

"I was not prepared for feasting to such an extent," he said, "and I don't know that I think it is quite delicate of you to celebrate my return in this manner. You know, as an historical fact, it is not the praiseworthy characters who are greeted with turtle soup and champagne."

"Have you been dining out much in London?"

"Oh yes, occasionally. Would you oblige me by boxing Don's ears,—or is he allowed to take things off the table?"

"My dear Don," said Augusta, mildly, "you should wait until you are asked."

And so the conversation went on upon trivialities until dessert was upon the table and the servants had left the room.

"I have been a brute, Gusty," said Captain Cleasby, abruptly, leaning his arms upon the table and looking over at her; "I have been abominably cross; but when a man is tired and cold, you know——"

"It is not only that, Walter," said Miss Cleasby. She divined that there was something more, and yet she feared to hear her apprehensions confirmed. She felt that she must know, but she put the question falteringly.

"No, it is not only that," said Walter. He rose up as he spoke, and wheeled an arm-chair round in front of the fire and flung himself into it: "Look here, Gusty," he said; "it is a long story, and a confused one; but it must be told some time or another, and I suppose you may as well hear it now."

"Oh, Walter, you have not been getting into some scrape?"

"Why should I?" he said, and laughed a little unsteadily at the idea; "no, Gusty, it is something rather more serious than that. Do you remember before I went up to London, I think it was a month before, that there was a letter from old Waltham which you opened, and which we could neither of us understand. It was that same day that I heard that he was going out of town, and there was some rigmarole or other about accumulated interest, which was incomprehensible to us both?"

"Yes, I remember," said Augusta. As yet it was all vague and uncertain, and she did not know what to expect; but an undefined fear sent a slight shiver through her frame. Walter saw it, and, stretching out his hand, clasped one of hers; it was not a caress, but rather the act of a protector. She felt that he was holding her hand as he would have held it if there had been some threatening of danger, and he had expected her to feel a shock, and be, perhaps, unnerved.

"That interest which Waltham referred to," said Walter, slowly, "was interest which had accumulated upon a mortgage. This estate has been mortgaged for years, and the interest has never been paid."

"I—I don't understand," she said, in

her bewilderment. "Why was it mortgaged? Who mortgaged it?"

"My father mortgaged it to a banker in London, Waltham's brother; which accounts for the ambiguous manner in which he has chosen to put the claim before me; for of course the longer an explanation was deferred the more interest there was to be paid. It must have been running on now for twenty years or so. It must have been some years before we went abroad that my father made the arrangement."

"And put this incumbrance upon your inheritance!" said Augusta, indignantly; and she drew her hand out of his and trembled, not, as before, with apprehension, but with a passionate recoil from the injustice: "at least he might have told you, but he never said a word. How could——"

"Hush, Gusty," he said, gently; "you forget, I was a little boy, a sickly little boy; it was not natural that he should think much of my future then: and afterwards—— Well, it could not be undone, and it is not for us to say hard words about the dead. It cannot be helped, and we must meet it as best we can."

There was a silence, and they both sat gazing into the fire; Walter's mind travelling over a thousand different possibilities, seeking, as it had done so often and so wearily, to arrive at some means by which the blow should strike him alone, searching for comfort and finding none. Augusta was absorbed in a dull feeling of a present misfortune and a blank dread.

"How far is it involved?" she said at last; "what does it amount to?"

"Do you remember when we were little children," he said, "how we used to imagine ourselves poor and working for our daily bread? I was to be a carpenter, I believe, and you were to be my housekeeper. Well, our present situation stops a little short of that; but, when all is paid, there will be but a very few hundreds left. I must look out for something to do, of course; you see, I have not even my pay to fall back upon."

"Oh, Walter, it can't be so bad as that! Are you sure? How is the money to be paid?"

"By the sale of this place, of course. You know you wanted the truth, and I don't see how it can be glossed over. Oh, Gusty! I wish that you had been happily married to some prosperous banker—a worldly man, with a town house and a country house cushioned with comfort and luxury. You were meant to be rich, and if he had been a little mercantile and stupid it would not have mattered: you would have represented the taste and the intellect of the family." But Augusta could not respond in the same tone.

"Then we shall have to leave," she said, as if she could as yet hardly comprehend it.

"Yes," he answered; and standing with his back to the fire, leaning against the chimney-piece with his hands in his pockets, he looked at it all:—the row of narrow windows with the velvet curtains drawn over them, the wax lights reflected in the tall mirrors, the gilded furniture shining in the firelight, the family pictures in their frames, the choice old china on the shelves, and the table glittering with plate before him. "Yes, we shall leave our magnificence behind us; there will be no more turtle and champagne for us, Gusty. I don't know that we have played our parts particularly well as the squire and his sister, but at any rate no one will have to complain of the act as being tediously long."

"It does no good to talk in that way, Walter. What amusement can there be in it? One side of it at least is serious enough."

"And do you suppose I have not looked at it? No, my dear Augusta, I am not such a blind fool. But of what use are lamens? Those who cannot defend themselves are not to be blamed," he said with gentle authority; "and as to the rest, why you and I have weathered many storms together, and now, I suppose, we must make a new beginning." The peculiar sweetness of his smile lighted up his face, but to his

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sister it did but reveal the depth of his sadness. Had he not been without hope, she knew that she could not have seen the single sweetness of a despairing smile which was sadder than tears.

They sat on late into the night, talking over plans,—of his future and of hers. Their uncle Robert was rich and a widower, and he had asked that she might make her home with him. "It is not what I could have wished for you, Gusty," Walter said; "but it is what people call a suitable arrangement, and I don't know that at present you could do better." Augusta made no objections. She could not bear to be a burden upon him, and she knew well that he would never allow her to do anything towards her own maintenance; so she acquiesced; feeling indeed, after the blow she had received, as if it mattered little what happened to her next. Then she asked about himself; but his brow contracted; he said that he had not had time to form any distinct plan, and went back to speak of their uncle and of the arrangements that had been made for her. All this time, notwithstanding their nearness to each other,—notwithstanding her sisterly familiarity and acknowledged privileges,—she had not dared to put to him the question which had risen up in her mind: what would become of Christina? how would this affect her?

A great misfortune had fallen upon them; they had to meet it together; and he had no cause to dissemble with her; their eyes were alike open to the extent of the danger which threatened them: but yet she felt that she might drive him to desperation if she spoke of it openly; or even if she showed her consciousness of it. So they talked calmly enough of their money matters and of their change of life, and lingered as they separated for the night, each with a dread of the solitude and silence of the dark hours; but neither of them had spoken of the one renunciation, beside which, in his mind at least, every other was as nothing.

There must be another long night of weary struggle, fighting the same battle that he had been fighting for the last

week; but it could not go on for ever. Twelve hours more and he said to himself that a resolution must be taken, for or against. He was worn by conflicting convictions and desires, and also by something higher than his own convictions. The fight had raged fiercely, and he was faint from sustained effort; his better nature was urging him to his own destruction; something higher than his better nature was striving for his salvation: but he resisted the diviner impulse, not discerning its divinity; and when he threw himself at last upon his bed, as the faint pink light of morning spread itself over the eastern sky, he knew that he was victorious; but he did not know that worldly generosity and honour had triumphed over a nobler generosity and a heavenly honour which the world neither knows nor recognizes.

## CHAPTER XX.

It was late the next morning when Walter Cleasby came down and found his sister waiting breakfast for him. His few hours of sleep had done something towards effacing the traces of fatigue and mental disturbance; but he was still paler than his wont, and there was a half-concealed effort in the attempts he made to maintain his ordinary manner. It hurt his sister a little: she would have been so glad if he had been unreserved and given way to his mood before her; it was hard that they should have to suffer under the same misfortune, and yet that she should be unable to offer sympathy or speak of that part of it which touched him most nearly. Still, as he chose to talk of other things, she did not as yet venture even to pronounce Christina's name. So the dreary half-hour passed whilst they sat, each at their end of the table, striving to look to each other as if everything were as usual; and when the breakfast things were carried away, Walter took up the newspaper and pretended to interest himself in it.

Augusta began to feel that she could not much longer exercise the same for-

bearance; they must speak of it some time, and if he would not make a beginning, it must be for her to do it.

"Walter," she said at last, in as indifferent a tone as she could command, when Lewis had carried off his tray and shut the door behind him, and the room was once more in silence, "Walter, are you going out this morning?"

"I don't know," he said, without looking up. "Yes, I suppose that I must go out presently. I have business in Overton."

"Then, shall you call at the White House on your way?" said Augusta: but she trembled as she spoke; and she knelt down on the rug and began to stir the fire and make a clatter with the fire-irons, as if to drown the sound of her own voice.

"No," he said; and his voice sounded hard; and after that one word there was another oppressive silence, until Augusta spoke again.

"Would you rather she came up here, Walter? Would you like me to go and see her? Can I do anything?" She was still kneeling on the rug, with her back turned to him, for she dared not ask the question face to face.

"Do anything! no, how could you do anything?" he said with the impatience of a wounded man whose hurt she was unnecessarily probing. Then at last she took courage; and when she raised her eyes to his face and saw that everything else had given way to the restless look of suffering, joined to the determination of despair, a compassionate yearning brought the unwonted tears in a rush to her eyes.

"Oh, Walter!" she cried, with a sob in her voice.—After all, though he held his fate in his own hands, though he was almost cold in his independence, he was still her younger brother whom she had loved since the time when he was a delicate little boy, and they had clung together, and he had looked to her, not having any mother to look to.—She went to him now, and clung to him and cried, "Oh, Walter, what shall you do?" without giving any more thought to the immediate consequence of her

words. Perhaps it was a relief to him to have the barrier of reserve between them thus suddenly broken down; at all events he made no attempt to re-establish it.

"Why, Gusty, you must keep up your heart," he said, with a faint smile; "you must keep up your courage. We must face things as they are. It is no use fighting against the inevitable. I don't pretend to be what people call resigned; I would undo it all if I could; but at least I am capable of recognizing the fact that it cannot be undone."

"Yes," she said; and held her breath and waited for what would follow.

"There is nothing but the one thing which I hold in my hands," he continued, now speaking with the quietness which belongs to a hardy-won resolution; "and, though I am sinking, I have not lost my senses so far as to wish to take it to the bottom with me."

This, then, was what she had dimly feared: and yet, though she had entertained the fear, its confirmation struck coldly upon her heart, and her woman's nature exclaimed against it. She understood the ways of the world, she had accepted its decrees, she recognized, in some sort, the necessity of conforming to its laws, and she was not altogether out of reach of its spirit. Yet it was not without being moved that she had watched Christina. She understood, in part, what the blow would be to her; and now she felt the sympathetic thrill of a generous nature, and recoiled from her brother's words, and cried out indignantly against him.

"You cannot do it, Walter," she said; "how can you tell her? You cannot take back what you have given. She would not understand you. It is everything to her; it would kill her to have it taken away."

"Would it be better that she should die slowly and by degrees?" he said. "Is it in my power to save her? She could not bear years of waiting, to end perhaps in disappointment. She is brave, but she is not patient; her pride will help her now, and her natural indignation. It is the only thing to be done:

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It is new to you, but remember that for the last week it has been horribly near to me. I have seen that it is the only right and honourable course. I must fall, but why should I drag her down with me?"

"You may rise again," she said—and even now she could not conquer her first repulsion.

"But when? No, Augusta, there is no use in deceiving ourselves. A man who has left the only profession he ever entered upon, and who is, at my age, once more thrown upon his own resources, stands a poor chance of making anything like a competency for many years to come. Even if my uncle did offer me a junior clerkship in his bank, what would it amount to? A salary of a hundred or so to begin with, and the prospect of a small yearly increase. Besides, I never could do a sum in my life. No, Gusty, when it is a question of earning my bread, I am a useless drug in the market. I can do most things a little, and nothing well: then, whatever line you take up, you must have capital to make any beginning that it is worth while making. Think what it would be, even if I could manage to stay in England;—ten or twelve years of drudgery, to end perhaps in disappointment, when waiting had worn out even her spirits, and a long-deferred hope had died within her. Ask yourself if any man could have a right to bring it upon her."

"It has not been your fault; you could not know."

"No, it has not been my fault; but it would be my fault if I were to hold her to it, or let her hold herself bound. It has not been my fault that what we had looked to can never come to pass. That has been a misfortune which might have happened to any man, and it must be accepted. But whatever I might do for myself, I will not for her sake embark upon a long and almost hopeless engagement."

"She would not give you up because of all this," said Miss Cleasby.

"No," he said; and, even at this moment the proud admiration which

was so strongly blended with his love for an instant lighted up his face. "No; but is not that an additional reason why I should take care of her? It is for me to save her from herself."

"Perhaps you are right, Walter."

"If I am wrong, it is past praying for. I cannot fight it over again." Then he got up and tramped across the stone hall into his own study opposite, shutting the door behind him.

Augusta, as she sat by herself and reflected upon the crisis with the comparative calmness natural to some one who was, after all, but an interested spectator, could not help mentally confirming the judgment she had finally delivered as to the rectitude of the course he was about to pursue. With her heart aching over his suffering, and Christina, as yet, so happy and confident, and unconscious of the blow hanging over her, she could not be an altogether impartial judge. But she told herself that, if she had not known them, she would have said that the only possible and right course under the circumstances was to break off the engagement. She would have said that the girl would get over it in time and probably marry some one else; and as to the young man, he had no right to maintain his claims, and anything was better than an engagement with no prospect of marriage. It sounded plausible, and her reason assented to it; but when she thought of Christina it was not so easy to leave out of sight the bewildering and individual complications of the case. Though she tried to resume her ordinary occupations, her mind reverted again and again to the question of how he would do it, and of when and how she would receive the tidings.

In the meantime Walter, alone in his study, was painfully and practically setting himself to the solution of these same questions. To the first he had already given a mental answer; it only remained to put his purpose into execution. He sat down before his writing-table, and leant his head upon his hands, and stared blankly at a sheet of paper. There was nothing to disturb

the current of his thoughts, there was nothing to prevent them from shaping themselves into words: no one would be likely that morning to break in upon his solitude. The tranquil sunshine lay upon the trim lawn outside, the sky overhead was blue and cloudless, the fire burnt clear and bright, the clock upon the chimney-piece was ticking with a peaceful regularity, his terrier lay asleep upon the rug, his paper was before him and his pen in his hand; and yet he was distracted and confused, and flung it down, feeling that something, not himself, must be in fault. Of course it was that clock; he had never heard it tick so loudly before; it rang in his ears so that he could think of nothing else, and almost felt himself constrained to count the beats. He got up hastily, feeling a personal rage against the innocent piece of mechanism, and stopped the pendulum, and put it back upon the mantelpiece with a slight bang. Then he went back to his table and put the date to his letter; but his mind was in a whirl; the canary in the passage outside was singing shrilly, and, with an angry exclamation, he flung himself into an arm-chair before the fire, feeling that it was useless to put pen to paper whilst all external agencies, both animate and inanimate, were combining against him to make thought and composition alike impossible.

It was not that he had not arrived at a resolution; he had done so, after a long struggle which could not be repeated. He had longed to help her, and he had determined that it was impossible; he had thought that he ought to look to her happiness rather than to his own; and he had made up his mind that, though she would not be able to see it now, it would be for her ultimate good to separate from him. It was a miserable thing for a girl to waste her youth in waiting for what might never come; he would think it dishonourable and selfish in any other man to ask it of her; it would be selfish and dishonourable in him. Thus his better nature, which called upon him to save her and protect her from her own im-

pulse, took part against him. As to marrying without a provision, and casting her fortune and his to chance, or as to making a descent in the social scale and facing poverty and life in another sphere, the thought had but passed through his mind and made no impression upon it. He was not deficient in moral courage or unwilling to face privations for himself; but the traditions of convention made such a proceeding so repugnant to him as to appear impossible. A man, he would have said, could always make his way and fall upon his feet; but a girl was a thing to be guarded and cherished—too precious a possession to be trusted to the rough chances of life. He would rather, far rather, renounce Christina, than claim her for his wife when he had not the power to shield her from everything from which he conceived that *his wife* ought to be shielded.

All these conflicting thoughts had maddened and bewildered him during the last ten days, and he had thrust aside the only thing which might have saved him. For there was a voice which sang to him of a love that cannot die; of a faith that no earthly honour can approach and no earthly chances shake. There was a voice which told of something higher than the right and wrong of his own standard; of a trust which cannot be broken, and of a promise which cannot be recalled. But human voices mingled so loudly with the heavenly strain, that he could not distinguish it from them; they were the voices which told him that he could not give up Christina because of the pain to himself; they were the voices which made him shrink from the effort, telling him of the blank life that lay before him, of the dreariness of the future and the sweetness of the past; they recalled to him her looks and words, and made him desperate at the thought that they would soon be to him nothing but a memory.

All this he thrust from him as unmanly weakness, and with this he thrust out an angel unawares.

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which his judgment approved, and to which his reason assented, and now it only remained to put it upon record. It would be better that she should know what awaited her before they met; nothing else remained to be done; he had only to write to her—but what?

Only to tell her that what had been her life must be cut short now before it had had time to blossom; only to say that the past must be forgotten; that it must be nothing to her; that she must learn to be happy in some other way. Only to say that they must part, and part for ever.

At first he felt that he could not do it, and then he put a force upon himself. His delicate, sensitive organization had yet sufficient nervous power to accomplish that to which he had set his at length undivided will, at whatever cost to himself. When once he had summoned resolution for the first word, the rest followed, and he wrote with the rapidity of a man who has formed a determination and dares not go back to examine the grounds upon which he has arrived at it.

"12th November.

"DEAREST CHRISTINA,"—he wrote the first words mechanically, and then he remembered that it was the last time that he might use them, and could not bring himself to make any other but the accustomed beginning.

"DEAREST CHRISTINA,—I came home last night, but I could not come to you, because it was so late and I had something to say which I could not say then; yet I could not meet you and remain silent. Now, I still do not know how to say it. I had meant to have written from London, but to the last I was hoping against hope. I had thought myself so secure; I had thought it was impossible that anything should come between us; and at first I could not believe it, or face the reality.

"It is useless to go back upon the causes, or tell you how it is that I am so poor a man as to have nothing to depend upon except myself. When this place is sold, there will be nothing left except a few hundred pounds in trust for

Augusta. She has had a home offered to her by our uncle, and for a man it does not so much matter; and yet, Christina, I can think of nothing but ourselves. My life must be a life which you cannot share with me: I could not ask it, and I will not accept the sacrifice. It must be a struggle; I must encounter things which I would put far from you; and I know that, at whatever cost, it is better that what has to be done should be done quickly. It would be a mockery for me to keep the hope of claiming you before my eyes, even if I could remain in England. You are too far above the world to understand its ways, but it will be impossible for our engagement to continue. Your grandfather would not allow it, and he would be right. Christina, you will believe me when I say that I would have given worlds to spare you; but I cannot suffer without making you suffer.

"It is best that we should face the truth at once. As to the rest, what can I say? People will tell you that I am false, and cruel, and worldly: it will be best for you to believe that they are right. I do not ask you to forgive me; only remember that I could not do it unless I loved you; remember that you have glorified my life by the past weeks of short unclouded happiness, and that, although they may never return to me, no other days will ever efface their memory or take their place.

"Yours ever,

"WALTER CLEASBY."

It was a blank cold statement of the fact. Yet what could he say? What right had he to say more? He had put it plainly; partly understanding that she would not be able to comprehend the truth unless it came to her in all its nakedness; partly conscious that his words must strike her at first with incredulous wonder. He did not read again what he had written; he dared not look again upon the letter which sealed his fate; but he rang the bell and gave it at once to the servant. "I want this to be taken to the White House," he said; "not immediately; it will be

time enough when the letters go to the evening post."

He could not keep the letter in his sight for fear that he might be tempted to recall it, and yet something impelled him to leave Christina a few hours more of unconscious happiness, and made him shrink from bringing nearer, by however short a time, the possibility of a meeting.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

MR. NORTH had passed a restless night ; he was no better, but rather worse, in the morning, and his daughter-in-law in alarm sent for Mrs. Oswestry and for the doctor. The latter could only reiterate his opinion that there was nothing immediate to be apprehended, but the old man was growing weaker, and the coming winter would probably be his last. As for Mrs. Oswestry, she was calm and composed under all circumstances ; but she shared in Mrs. North's fears, and, after visiting her father, came to consult with her as to the best means of softening and brightening the last months of his life. Christina coming into the room an hour later found them still in close consultation, and wondered vaguely what they could find to talk about for so long together.

"But do you think that he would see her if she came?" Mrs. North was saying ; "it is a long journey, and it would be hard upon her to take it for nothing. He has never mentioned her name for years, to my knowledge."

"But I have spoken of her to him," said Mrs. Oswestry ; "I do not say that he has shown any interest, but at least he has borne it patiently, and I feel if she were here——"

"Of whom are you talking?" asked Christina. "Is it a secret? Shall I go away?"

"No, it is no secret—at least not now," said Mrs. Oswestry ; "we were talking of my sister, your aunt Charlotte."

"But I never knew I had another aunt," exclaimed Christina, looking from one to the other in her astonishment.

"Perhaps not ; as your mother says, her name was never mentioned here, and she must have married when you were quite a little girl, though she is the youngest of us all."

"And you always were so indiscreet, Christina," interposed her mother ; "I never knew what you might say, or what wild fancies you might take into your head. Your grandfather did not wish to speak of her, and you were never likely to see her, so there was no use in telling you about it."

"But why was she not to be spoken of?"

"She made a marriage your grandfather did not approve," said Mrs. Oswestry ; "she married an Italian, and your grandfather had always such an objection to foreigners. It happened whilst she was paying a visit away from home, and your grandfather would never be persuaded to see him or give his consent to the marriage. Lotty would have her own way ; there was no objection to the man except his nation ; he had good birth though he was not a noble, and in a pecuniary point of view it was a very good match. She waited until she was one-and-twenty, and then she went away and was married from a mutual friend's house. I was the only one of our family there, and your grandfather never forgave her."

"But does she write? Where does she live? When is she coming?" cried Christina, becoming interested.

"She has always kept up a correspondence with me. She lives at Florence, where her husband has some business, and there she has brought up her children. She had two children, and lost her only girl two years ago ; the boy is about twelve or thirteen, and is still at school. So she says that she could easily manage to be absent from home for a few months, and if my father would receive her she would like to see him again before he dies."

"How strange! that I should have an aunt that I have never heard of before!" said Christina ; but after all it did not excite her very much, and when Mrs. Oswestry took her leave late in the

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afternoon, her thoughts were no longer engrossed by the idea of her unknown aunt, but were busying themselves in speculations as to whether Miss Cleasby had heard from her brother that day, and whether she would know when he was coming home.

She had made up her mind that she would go to the Park to see Augusta; but as she turned out of her gate the servant met her with the letter. She took it (as we so often take our death-blows) carelessly, unconsciously, with a word of thanks to Lewis, thinking that it was some note from Miss Cleasby; but as she turned it over in her hands and caught sight of the address, suddenly the colour flushed into her face and a pang of undefined apprehension shot through her. It was unreasonable, it was absurd; there was in truth nothing to make her afraid—only that Walter must be at the Park; and if he were at the Park, why had he not come to her? Some accident must have happened; some disaster must have befallen him.

"Was that the man from the Park?" said Mrs. North, meeting her in the passage. "Has Miss Cleasby written to you?"

"Yes—no—nothing," said Christina, passing on hastily. It was not until she had reached her room and locked the door that she opened the letter. Her eager eyes glanced all over it, her face flushing and paling as she read, and when she had ended she thrust it from her with a kind of impatience. Once more she read the words, but without their making any distinct impression upon her. She was striving painfully to grasp their meaning, but she could not make it out. She dropped the letter from her hands and gave a low cry of pain and bewilderment.

"I—I don't understand. What does it mean?" she said aloud, although there was no one to hear or answer. The letter lay unheeded upon the floor; she lay crouched up upon the bed pressing her face upon the pillows, and cried again piteously, "I don't know what it means."

And yet in some sort she did understand; she understood with a shrinking dread that a horrible misfortune was hanging over her, although its form was shadowy and undefined. She was afraid again to look upon the words which told her of it; more than half an hour had passed before she took the letter again into her hands. Then at last she understood,—understood what he would do—what he had done already. His creed was not hers; she could not even grasp its articles, nor comprehend their influence upon his actions; his faith was not her faith; yet to his standard she must conform, and by his will she must abide. She sat motionless for a few moments, as if stunned by the blow; and then, as the first incredulous horror grew less, natural resentment and pride and passion surged up in her heart. She had trusted him, and how had he repaid her trust! It was cruel; it was impossible that all that had been should come to an end, and yet she felt that it had come to an end already. If he could speak the words which he had spoken—if he could feel what he had felt, there could be no escape and no recall. Such words cannot be forgotten. She could not even understand what it was that he feared; it was he himself who had shaped their fate. All the bitterness would have been taken from the blow if only she could have felt that it had not come from his hand. Oh, why had he done it?

But we cannot in the first shock of sorrow find for long refuge or relief in personal indignation. Walter was right; if she could have shut him out from her heart—if she could have refused to forgive him, it would have been easier for her; but she could not do it. She was still fiercely resisting her fate, but misery had overcome resentment, and love and pity had, towards him, taken the place of every other feeling.

After a time her mother knocked at her door and, on entering, found her still in her hat and cloak, but busying herself with something upon the dressing-table. She turned her face for a moment towards her mother, and then



Mrs. North gave a frightened exclamation, as if she had seen a ghost.

"Christina! What is it? What has happened?" she exclaimed.

"I—I am rather—cold," said Christina, shivering, and put out her hand to steady herself against the table.

"Your grandfather wanted to see you; but you cannot go to him now," said Mrs. North. "I wish, Christina, you would not go and make yourself ill. I am sure that it is bad enough as it is, with your grandfather at death's door, for anything that we know, and your Aunt Margaret so bent upon bringing Lotty over to make things worse, and all the worry about your marriage."

"I will not go to grandpapa," said Christina, quickly; "I am very tired, and my head aches. I think I will go to bed."

"Do you feel as if you had caught anything?" asked Mrs. North, anxiously. "There is scarlet fever in the village, Janet tells me, and if you think—"

"No, no," said Christina, hastily; "I am not ill,—only tired."

"I wish I knew what it is," said Mrs. North to herself, as she went downstairs again. "Christina is so unlike herself; she is ill, or something must have happened. I wish I knew what it is."

She was not long left in ignorance. Walter Cleasby, following out in his own mind with painful distinctness the course which events were taking at the White House, and seeking for any means by which he might lighten Christina's burden, had considered that she might be called upon for explanations, and would have to put into words what she had as yet hardly realized to herself. If he could save her from it, he would. He put little faith in the judgment or forbearance of Christina's mother; but he wrote to her, briefly announcing what had happened, and imploring her to leave Christina this night undisturbed by questions. He acknowledged that he had no longer any right to stand between them; but as a matter of course taking to himself all the blame of what had occurred,

begged that he alone might bear the weight of her reproaches.

"As if a mother could leave her child to bear her trouble alone!" Mrs. North said to herself, with some natural indignation; and yet she was not angry because Captain Cleasby, under the circumstances, had chosen to give Christina up. It was in her eyes the only thing which he could have done; but as to speaking to her child, she certainly might be allowed to judge for herself. And then she went upstairs and knocked at Christina's door, still holding his letter in her hand. Christina was unconscious of everything except her own misery, and it was not until her mother had knocked and called to her two or three times that she rose from her bed and went to open the door, pushing away her loosened hair from her face.

"He has written to me," said Mrs. North. "Oh, my poor child, what can I do for you? It has always been the way with us, but I had begun to hope that it might be better for you; and all seemed so certain; but of course we never know."

Christina was sitting on the edge of the bed, with her hand clasping the iron rail, and she hardly seemed to hear her mother, but looked at her vacantly with tearless eyes.

"It is a great misfortune," Mrs. North went on; "I feel it for you very much; but it is better to know the worst. Captain Cleasby is acting rightly, though, you know, I never liked him; and if you had been married, you know—"

Christina started, and the colour flamed into her face.

"Not now, mother," she said; "don't let us talk of it now."

"You never will talk of anything to your mother," said Mrs. North, plaintively. "Any other girl would want a little sympathy; any other girl would be sorry for me too, because I have thought a great deal of your future, Christina; and it is very hard upon me to have to break it to your grandfather. If you had any natural feeling, Christina, you would like to see what he says to me."

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"I don't want to read it," said Christina, pushing away the offered letter; "what can he say?"

"Oh, Christina," said Mrs. North, reproachfully, but with some natural tears; "why are you so rebellious? We must not fight against the troubles which are sent to us; it is fighting against grace, it is fighting against God." She hardly knew why she said it, poor woman; she had need of help herself and she did not feel able to help Christina, but yet she felt instinctively that she was wrong, and the words, though the result of a weak and wavering conviction, were not without their effect.

When Christina was left alone, they re-echoed in her heart. Was she indeed fighting against grace—fighting against God? She knew little of any religion but the natural and spontaneous religion of youth. God was good, and the world was beautiful, and she rejoiced in it, and was thankful because she was happy. She had had to struggle, and she had struggled in her own strength; she had fallen, she had repented, and she had risen again. But now she had entered

upon another struggle, in which she felt that her own strength would not be sufficient to her: the waters had gone over her, and she knew that she was sinking; the inevitable was pressing upon her, and she saw no means of escape. And yet she was fighting—fighting, as she had thought, against her fate; thrusting away the cross which had been put upon her and the cup of suffering which she must drink: and as yet she had not thought that she was fighting against God. As the truth made itself manifest to her in the lonely hours of that night,—the most momentous night of her life, in which for the first time she sent up a cry for help, not that she might obtain what she desired, but that she might accept what was given, not that she might do her own will, but God's, not that the cross might be taken away, but that she might be able to bear it,—so the bitterness was taken from her sorrow by the nearness and the constraining influence of the Divine, and a Light shined in her darkness, though as yet she comprehended it not.

*To be continued.*

THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE IN MILITARY ORGANIZATION.

AN ALDERSHOT LECTURE,<sup>1</sup> BY LIEUT.-COLONEL C. C. CHESNEY, R.E.

It is superfluous in these days, before a select and educated audience, to defend the necessity of scientific study of the profession in which so many of our countrymen are interested. But it will not be amiss to remind those who still question our discussions on military science, of the doubts we have formerly heard expressed by men of experience and judgment, whether officers could, as a class, be expected to go on seeking professional improvement, in face of that discouragement and abatement of public interest in matters military, which the tranquil state of Europe would inevitably produce. It is not three years since such misgivings were publicly uttered in the ears of our army. What an age have we since lived through of professional teaching! What an era in military science, aye, and in the world's history which that science so deeply affects! Are national passions becoming softened? Are princes less ambitious, and republics less greedy than they were of old? If such be the case—and I am not one of those who can discern in recent events any proof of this part of the boasted progress of our race—the amelioration is at the utmost not so great as to justify our trusting wholly to the forbearance of others, or to the memory of former glories. Let us therefore learn what we can from the experience of our neighbours. Woe to the State that puts off the study of military reform until

the shock of battle falls on its own borders!

If we review the late war carefully, comparing its events with those of any other fixed period in military history, it is hard to say whether the Germans display their advance more strikingly in organization, in strategy, or in tactics. The French may also afford us some useful lessons of improvement. In small arms they were plainly in advance of their adversaries. In the introduction of the Mitrailleuse they had taken a bold step on which no other nation had ventured. Yet on the whole it is natural and proper that we should look to the victors for our chief instruction in that great and terrible art of which they have shown such consummate mastery.

In seeking for the causes of their success, not one of the three great branches of military science can be safely neglected. Without a high organization the North Germans could not have put on foot the gigantic armies which they actually brought into the field. Without special adaptation of the old rules of strategy to new circumstances they could not have moved these forces so as to let their weight have its full effect. Without tactical skill they would inevitably have failed to reap fully the unexampled successes which their superior organization and better strategy had prepared. For it is an absolute mistake to suppose that they on every occasion displayed overwhelming numbers in action in their collision with the Imperial army (no one supposes they did in their later contests with the Republican levies), there having been at least one great battle of supreme importance where they fought against a preponderance of force,—that of Mars-la-Tour; while at another, that of Forbach.

<sup>1</sup> This Lecture was delivered under pressure of other duties, without manuscript or note, and with no design of printing what was meant chiefly for a special audience. But I have been urged to publish it by so many kind friends, known and unknown, professional and non-professional, that I gladly take the earliest opportunity of doing this, so far as my memory serves me.

they were certainly not much if at all superior in strength to the French corps they there defeated. We shall now, however, speak chiefly of their organization.

It is needless to say that, during several months of the last year spent in close observation of their armies, I saw many things that impressed upon me the readiness, the completeness, and the practical nature of that organization, on which is based the greatest Empire as to military strength which the world has ever seen. But the incident which struck my imagination the most was a visit, partly of ordinary ceremony and partly in search of information, made to a certain officer, Chief of Staff to a General in high command, whose name I do not repeat here, but merely say that it is one which is known throughout Europe as that of a veteran justly distinguished for being a thorough soldier. The Colonel of whom I speak particularly, I found to be a fine-looking military man, of pleasant aspect and open manner, skilled in the theory of his profession, and apparently not the less acquainted with every detail of each arm over which he had to watch, so far as my questions, which were answered with the most perfect frankness, could enable me to judge. He was responsible to his chief for all the daily working of that great machine, an Army Corps in its full strength; and this, too, quartered in a land politically hostile, and yet not governed by martial law—a position, perhaps, the most trying which a soldier of fine qualities can be placed in. His duties would oblige him to communicate officially, not only with the heads of departments in the corps itself, but with numerous civil functionaries, some of French origin, others imported from Germany. And yet he could find time to converse leisurely with a stranger desirous of picking up all possible information, to answer specific questions clearly and in detail, and to avoid the least show of hurrying his inquisitive guest away, who left him, therefore, only when pressed by his own natural desire not to trespass unduly on this genuine courtesy. The secret of this ease of manner and hos-

pitable bearing was revealed in that which struck his visitor so forcibly—the moderate nature of his ordinary day's work. Three letters on his table to answer, and but two registers to look over, formed, with the addition of a visitor's book in the passage outside, what may be called the whole morning's stock-in-trade of a functionary whose first duty it was to think for 25,000 men, instead of going over other people's work who could be trusted to do it for themselves, or taking their duty altogether out of the hands of his subordinates to perform it himself in the hurried manner, which so many here will recognize, of an able man overwhelmed with the multitude of self-imposed details. Let any one of this audience think of what he knows of our chief military offices, or of those of France (should he happen to be acquainted with the working of the military machine as it has been managed there for the last fifteen years of the twice revived and twice destroyed Empire), and he will realize for himself one main cause why the German staff-officer is more able to act with the full powers of his judgment at critical moments than his compeer in other services. Realizing this, he may naturally wish to hear more of the manner in which the decentralizing principle has been applied in the German system to strip high office of those terrors of toil which in other armies oppress it. Now, no one, I think, will assert that English officials are, man for man, inferior in integrity, diligence, and patriotism to those of any other nation. The key to such superiority as is asserted for the Germans, must lie in their organization, of which it will be well here to speak a little in detail.

All well-read Englishmen know something of the great change in Prussian military institutions which occurred after 1859, the stimulus, beyond any doubt, being those French victories in Italy which for a time forced Prussia and Austria to consult for each other's security—as at the famous Töplitz interview of 1860—against the menacing power of the Second Empire. But comparatively

few have heard that besides the military revolution accomplished in the strengthening of the Regular Army at the expense of the Landwehr, and thrusting the latter altogether out of the first line, a change hardly less important was carried out in the system of mobilization. True, this had already long since been conducted by corps—a corps to every province; but whereas until now the corps on its peace footing had been sent into the field to be made up thereafter to complete war fitness from the depôts far behind, it was resolved thenceforth that mobilization should in each case be a business completely and wholly carried out locally by local authority, so that the corps if required should go forth from its province a perfect machine, and its chief—handing over his charge thenceforward to a deputy, who would be responsible for all the further supplies which reinforce it—might give his undivided attention to his field duties. The change was great, and its effect has been greater even than the authors had hoped.

Being present with the German armies in 1859, and a close observer of their proceedings, I was struck with the confusion and irregularity with which the troops arrived at their various quarters on the Rhine. Of course this was more noticeable among the contingents of the minor states than in that of Prussia; yet it was everywhere visible, even to the eye of one who could look no more closely than an ordinary traveller was allowed to do. We Englishmen, even in an "alarmist" story, could hardly have been in a more portentous hurry and flutter to put 150,000 men into the field. And the reasons of this, which I did not then fully understand, were mainly in the crossing of orders between the different mobilized corps and the various provinces from which they were severally hastening to get their troops equipped and reinforced to war strength. Solferino came, before the German army was ready, or its masters fully determined to throw its weight into the field against the victorious French. So

the Peace of Villafranca was signed by Napoleon with Austria alone, and the inevitable contest which Baron Stoffel was not alone in foretelling, was postponed for ten years more.

But the lessons of 1859 were not lost on the King of Prussia and his counsellors, and the great truth was fairly grasped and became part of their military creed, that a peace army scattered through a dozen provinces can only be effectively mobilized without difficulty, and used without delay, by insisting on its being sent fully equipped into the field, and by giving its provincial or corps commanders, in order to attain this object at once, the largest discretion in the matter of organization consistent with their subordination to the central authority. This principle once fairly grasped, each chief of a corps is expected to be ready within a certain time known to be sufficient; and once thus ready, his command becomes a compact, complete unit for military purposes, moved by a single word, and hardly more interfered with in its interior economy than a battalion would be with us had we an army in the field. In no other way could the masses of men be brought to the enemy's frontier which were collected in 1866 and 1870 to attack Austria and France, with the machine-like order which conceals if it do not altogether prevent mistakes, and gives to the astonished world the appearance of an organization that has attained—the unattainable in human affairs—perfection itself.

I have spoken of my official visit to a high Prussian staff officer, and the astonishment produced on my mind by the absence of nearly all detail work from the cabinet where I was received, and of all hurry from the manner of the colonel who entertained me. This struck me as a sort of revelation, and never left my mind; and when I came back to England, before the winter, the first thing I read was a description in *Macmillan's Magazine* of the hurry and worry within and without our War Office, which precluded the autumn manœuvres, contrasted by a clever writer with the

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calm confidence of the Prussian staff under the sudden excitement of the battle of Forbach. This article, which I met with by chance, seemed to be a sermon on the text read by the absence of petty work from the office of the chief of the staff visited some months before upon the Continent. For how the Prussians have reached this quiet confidence of working, lies not in the individual superiority of their officials, but in the system of their employment, under what it is the fashion to call decentralization, but which really consists in throwing the proper responsibility on the proper men. We are obliged to resort to this more practical form of government in India, though neglecting it at home; but in fact our Indian Empire would infallibly break down instantly of its own weight if we applied to it the lumbering and antiquated practices under which departments in London are carried on.

The War Office clerks, whom the *Macmillan* critic laughed at for sitting up all night to muddle the work which could only be managed properly on the ground at Aldershot, are a type of one system. The Prussian general sitting tranquilly at the window at Saarbruck, who had never seen a French soldier under fire, and yet received unmoved the brief reports which told him that he was engaging in the first pitched battle for sixty years between the Teuton and the Gaul, is a representative of the other. General Goeben could afford in that instance to keep his attention from being absorbed in the details of the skirmishing along the Spichenen heights, and to give it to the more important question of the support of the corps so suddenly engaged, because he was trained to a method of employing bodies of disciplined men which supposes that all those put into places of charge will rise to the level of their responsibilities if fairly left to meet them. He had been brought up in the grand school of the Corps Organization, which Moreau introduced originally; which Napoleon, though a great centralizer, adopted for his own, and so struck

the most deadly blow at centralization ever felt; but which it was left to King William and his Minister to improve into the grandest instrument of war that man has ever disposed of.

The advantages of this principle as applied to the Army Corps have been so fully recognized, both in theory and practice, that it has been carried on beyond the corps in both directions, above and below it. Hence the formation, for strategic purposes, of so-called Army Commands, into several of which a great army, composed of numerous corps, is in time of war distributed, and of which there were five ultimately in France, when the hostilities were closed. Having thus decentralized their corps, and also provided a war system under which the head-quarter staff would not have the burden of communicating personally even with the chiefs of all these great units, but only with the intermediate Commanders of Armies, the Prussian organizers have of late much further utilized their experience of the vast advantages gained by divesting the chief agency in war of detail work. They have carried the principle of individual responsibility downwards within the corps, through its various elements. The Division Generals exercise much more authority than was originally sketched out for them, and but few cases of supply and discipline need go beyond them. The Brigadiers have less of this responsibility, but the Regimental Commander (a functionary not hitherto existing in our military system, though his creation seems now to be contemplated) has very great personal control over his three-battalion command. This again leaves the Battalion Commander often in an inferior position of responsibility as compared with ours; but, on the other hand, the Company-Chief is a much more responsible and independent person than our captain—as befits, indeed, his larger command and recognized state as a mounted officer.

But even when all this is stated, we have by no means exhausted the process by which the Prussians have relieved the chiefs of their army from the

minor cares which no single man can undertake—as Napoleon attempted in Russia—for half a million of soldiers, and really perform. For, besides the subdivision for strategical purposes into army commands,—so few in number as to avoid all confusion and difficulty in the conveyance of orders from head-quarters, and under chiefs empowered and competent to carry these out, by detailing their various corps accordingly,—the division of labour has been carried a stride further by the establishment of separate *Etappen* (Staff) commands, which are organized for the special purposes of keeping up the supply and communications of the armies in the field. Formerly, the greatest anxiety of a generalissimo was directed to these lines, and his active forces were constantly being weakened by detachments made to guard them. Now a Prussian commander advancing against the enemy is relieved from this by the system which gives the custody of the line of communication to a special staff whose one business it is to attend to this important duty. A very great indirect advantage of this division of labour is, that a vast number of the reserve officers, chiefly from the middle classes, civilians in time of peace but available for war service at the country's need, make excellent *Etappen* officials, though too old, or otherwise unfitted for the harder duties of the field. Thus I have heard of a certain *Etappen* station commanded by a veteran reserve officer with the nominal rank of major, seventy-two years old, whose adjutant had the ripe experience of sixty-nine summers; and it was added that they both performed their simple duties very efficiently indeed.

Finally, to relieve still more the working staff of the army during the heat and anxiety of war, each post that it is of importance to maintain at home is, from the first hour that the Corps begins to move from its province, filled by a deputy acting with full powers. By these officials the whole further business is carried on of keeping up the supplies of the great machine which has

gone forth completed, and thus the strain is taken off those who lead it in the field, and who may henceforth give their undivided care to its active conduct. Even a second-rate man starting thus lightly-weighted may well perform such feats of activity as would have worn down any ordinary leader under the system through which Napoleon and his marshals administered their commands sixty years since.

Add to the advantages thus gained for the Corps Commanders, the still higher freedom from administrative duties of every kind which the Army Commanders enjoy, their only care being how best to direct corps by the movements of the great masses under them, so as to follow out the general design issued from head-quarters; and we see at once that the Germans have reached the practical working of the system of personal trust in personal exertion which the Archduke Albert, in his fine essay, "On Responsibility in Time of War," has recommended to his own nation for adoption.

The idea of a special link in the chain of responsibility between the corps leaders and the chief of the whole army is by no means altogether new. Napoleon was forced to it by circumstances in 1813, when Ney twice held such an intermediate command. But it was more systematically adopted by the American Generals in 1863-4, when Sherman marched upon Atlanta, at the head of two united armies, under Generals Schofield and Thomas, whilst Grant simultaneously invaded Virginia with two more, under Meade and Burnside. As in the late war, when the First and Second German armies blockaded Metz, and the Third and Fourth united to invest Paris, so the Generals of these American armies exercised full powers as commanders-in-chief, except in subordinating the general disposition of their forces to the orders of the supreme head, thus releasing Sherman and Grant from all care of details, and leaving them free to give their whole minds to the higher functions of command. The advantage was just that with which the

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Emperor-King, or Von Moltke for him, enjoyed when controlling the whole theatre of war in 1870, from a single chamber at some wayside inn or obscure chateau.

This system may possibly have its disadvantages. It has been especially pointed out that when two armies under different heads unite on the battle-field, as did those of Steinmetz and Prince Frederick Charles at Forbach, and those of the Crown Prince and the Prince of Saxony at Sedan, the conjunction might very possibly lead to the crossing of orders through jealousy or accident, and the result be peril or disaster. The case of the Austrians at Solferino, where their army acted in two great wings, under Schlick and Wimpffen, and these two generals, as well as their chief the Emperor, sent contradictory and confusing orders, is pregnant with such a moral. All one may here safely say is that the evil did not show itself in the Prussian operations in either of the instances already cited, nor in the still more critical case of Mars-la-Tour, where Prince Frederick Charles, beginning the battle entirely with his own command, received most effective support in the course of the day from Barnekow's division of the Eighth corps, which belonged to the army of Steinmetz. Possibly the perfect discipline of the Prussians may account for this; but the fact that royal blood was in each case united to high command, could hardly have been without some influence in so loyal an army. At any rate the advantages of this new sub-division—checking, as it does, through intermediate hands, the movements of the corps far more effectually than the old Napoleonic plan of sending each its orders daily—are held in Germany to outweigh any such theoretical defect. The confusion that ensued on Lebœuf's trying to cover the French frontier at the outset of the war with eight disseminated corps, each receiving its orders from head-quarters, is hardly likely to justify the contrary view to disinterested critics.

The new arrangements for the more

complete division of responsibility, just described, facilitate greatly, whilst greatly influencing, strategy. A careful review of the leading features of the war of 1870-71, would plainly illustrate the advance of strategic science made by Von Moltke, aided by this distribution of his invading force into several armies operating on different lines—a principle adhered to up to the last—whilst the chief staff-officers in the field were kept from the harassing cares of supply by the system of *Etappen* lines, and of deputies in their offices at home.

It will be enough here—since we have not space for more—to cite the masterly movements by which the French force round Metz was detained there by the First and Second Armies, whilst the Crown Prince, with the Third, constantly turned its flank, ready at any moment to wheel northward and strike the fatal blow which Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte made needless; or the still grander operations which united the Third and Fourth Armies round their doomed prey at Sedan; in order to show the power of combination exercised with such tremendous instruments, acting under the will of a clear and far-sighted chief. Time would altogether fail us did we turn to strategical details now, much more to the interesting tactical lessons which the new system of war affords, and which it was my privilege a year since to be the first to expound to English officers. To-day we must be content with our brief review of the most modern and most improved organization—the highest example of its kind ever offered to the world's study.

We live in an age of which it has just been said by Lord Hobart, Cobden's professed expounder, that peace is no more than a military truce. We may well, therefore, congratulate ourselves that the country has found a Minister willing and able to grapple with that important problem of the organization of our scattered military means which presses on the nation. If the result be but to make real the force of reserves we have hitherto reckoned

only on paper, it will be a splendid achievement indeed. I took occasion some years since to urge on the Volunteers the necessity of bringing their discipline up to a proper standard, and pointed out the besetting sins of that description of force as illustrated in the American armies, and set forth by a distinguished American Volunteer. Merely to wish to be an army, it was then affirmed, is not to be one. But the power to reform the force, it is now evident, must come from above; and the task is one that needs a statesman, for the Volunteers have scarcely at present the power, if they had the will, to do what other friendly advisers, besides

myself, have long since urged on them, and not merely to wish to be, but to be disciplined and trained up to that necessary standard which would make the existence of the force a defence rather than, as hitherto, a snare to our country. Then indeed might the nation write on its gates the noble text of Gustavus Adolphus, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Surely better do this than accept the gamester-like advice of such dangerous writers as Mr. Vernon Harcourt, and stake the whole honour—nay, the very life of the Empire—on a single throw of the die with our fleet.

## THE LORELEY,

AFTER HEINE.

I CANNA tell what has come ower me  
That I am sae eerie and wae;  
An auld-warld tale comes before me,  
It haunts me by nicht and by day.

From the cool lift the gloamin' draps dimmer,  
And the Rhine slips saftly by;  
The taps o' the mountains shimmer  
I' the lowe o' the sunset sky.

Up there, in a glamour entrancin',  
Sits a maiden wondrous fair;  
Her gowden adornments are glancin',  
She is kaimin' her gowden hair:

As she kaims it the gowd kaim glistens,  
The while she is singin' a song  
That hauds the rapt soul that listens,  
With its melody sweet and strong.

The boy, floating by in vague wonder,  
Is seized wi' a wild weird love;  
He sees na' the black rocks under,—  
He sees but the Vision above.

The waters their waves are flinging  
Ower boatie and boatman anon;  
And this wi' her airtfu' singin',  
The Waterwitch Lurley has done.

## A MONTH AT SEAFORD IN 1825, WITH GEORGE CANNING AND HOOKHAM FRERE.

BY A. G. STAPLETON.

THE recent publication of the *Life and Works* of Mr. Hookham Frere recalled to mind the interesting time which he spent at Mr. Charles Ellis's, at Seaford, with Mr. Canning, in the autumn of 1825. Some curious compositions of those two distinguished men, which since that period had been in my possession, were again looked at, when they appeared to be so entertaining that it seemed a pity not to let others participate in the fun of them.

It was in the autumn of 1825 that Mr. Canning sought relaxation after his Parliamentary labours, and from his official cares, by taking up his headquarters at the marine villa of his intimate friend, Mr. Charles Ellis. Mr. Hookham Frere was invited to meet him. From the days when Canning and Frere were both boys together at Eton, and were there associated in publishing the *Microcosm*, a warm friendship had existed between them. Although they had been sent to different Universities, the intimacy was nevertheless maintained. After they left College, Mr. Canning was returned to Parliament in 1793, and was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1796; whilst Mr. Frere did not enter the House of Commons till the last-named year, and did not become Mr. Canning's colleague in the Foreign Office till 1799. For a year and a half they worked together, but in September 1800 Mr. Frere accepted the mission to Portugal, and in 1802 the mission to Spain. From this last post he had retired, and remained unemployed, till Mr. Canning selected him in 1808 to be accredited as Minister to the Junta at Madrid, at the time of the Spanish outbreak against Napoleon. He gave

up this mission in August 1809, when his official connection with Mr. Canning finally ceased; his diplomatic career in life being then brought to a close. From that time till 1820 they had frequent and friendly intercourse, but in that year, in consequence of the health of his wife, Lady Errol, Mr. Frere went to reside (permanently, as it eventually proved) at Malta. He passed, however, the autumn of 1825 in England, and it was at Mr. Charles Ellis's where the two friends (for the last time in their lives) dwelt together, to their mutual great satisfaction, under the same roof.

The house was originally very small, but by dint of throwing out bay windows here, pulling down partitions there, adding on three or four rooms at one end, it had been made exceedingly comfortable: the pretty furniture with which it was filled, with the view of the sea from the windows, rendered it a very agreeable residence.

Still, if the house was small, so was the party. Besides the three persons already mentioned, it consisted of Mrs. Canning, the late Lord Howard de Walden (the eldest son of Mr. Ellis, and then Under-Secretary of State), the late Lord William Hervey, and myself. These were the permanent guests. Other members of Mr. Canning's family were occasionally there; as also Mr. Ellis's youngest son; the late Sir John Leach, then the Vice-Chancellor of England; and the late Hon. Thomas Liddell, who belonged to the Foreign Office.

A room was set apart for Mr. Canning as a *Chancellerie*, in which to transact pressing and unavoidable business. This generally occupied some three or four hours after breakfast.

The rest of the day was holiday, and no schoolboy ever enjoyed his play hours more intensely than Mr. Canning. If the weather permitted, we rode out upon the downs; if unfavourable, we walked by the seaside.

Our host provided most excellent fare; there was no one to throw the least *gêne* over the conversation; and all seemed to take advantage of the freedom from restraint to say what was uppermost in their minds. What fell from Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere, alternately grave and gay, was always edifying or amusing; and it is to be wished that I could recall to my mind, with any tolerable accuracy, some of their brilliant *table talk*. But a man must have indeed a good memory who could feel at all certain of being able to detail with correctness what really passed, without having means to refresh his recollections. To take notes of conversations, by one standing in intimate relations towards another individual, is always objectionable: to do so without warning is obviously unfair; to do so with warning is to establish a restraint which would always militate against unreserved confidential intercourse. So all that can now be said is, that the general impression left upon my mind by the conversations of these two celebrated men is, that to hear them converse was an intellectual treat which could not well be surpassed. I remember, however, that every now and then Mr. Frere would repeat for our amusement some of those translations from Aristophanes which his nephews have recently given to the world. The brilliant manner in which he recited them made them produce a most powerful effect on those who heard them; and to Mr. Canning, who was so well acquainted with the originals, they afforded very great gratification. It was during our sojourn at this place that Mr. Canning dictated, at the same time, three different despatches, to three of us, and kept us constantly going as fast as we could write.

The Session of Parliament in 1825 had been somewhat stormy on the subject of Roman Catholic Emancipation.

A Bill brought in by Sir Francis Burdett had been carried through the Commons by majorities of 27 and 21. Before the second reading in the House of Lords, the Duke of York, then the heir to the throne, declared himself in the strongest terms against the concession, avowing his determination to oppose it "to the last moment of his existence, whatever might be his situation in life." His Royal Highness ratified his declaration by an oath—"So help me God." This speech, from the next heir to the throne, produced an immense sensation throughout the country. It was printed by the anti-Catholic party in letters of gold.

The Bill was rejected in the House of Lords by a majority of 48. The Premier, Lord Liverpool, made a speech which to Mr. Canning was unexpectedly strong, though his Lordship afterwards assured Mr. Canning that he had no intention to express any sentiments but those he had been accustomed to utter upon the same subject. The Roman Catholic question was of course the question of the day.

At this period Seaford was a close borough, and returned to Parliament two members, Mr. Charles Ellis (the patron) and his second son, Mr. G. J. W. A. Ellis. Although the inhabitants at large had very little to say to the election of their members, the fact of the borough returning representatives gave to them an interest in politics. In those bygone days, *numerically* the majority of the population of Great Britain was against concession to the Roman Catholics; and Mr. Canning was much amused when, in walking about the town, he saw written upon the walls this inscription: "The great Pope, Cannong, is here," with some other wise saws which I don't exactly remember, indicating that their authors did not by any means regard with a favourable eye the dispositions entertained by "the great Pope" in favour of his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects.

It was towards the close of the visit that the Duke of York went on a visit to the Duke of Rutland at Cheveley,

his Grace's seat near Cambridge. The Corporation of Cambridge thought that a good opportunity offered itself for voting an address to his Royal Highness, thanking him for his speech, and for presenting it to him at Cheveley. They accordingly went, and were graciously received. But it so happened that a paragraph giving an account of the occurrence appeared in the *Courier* newspaper, in which it was stated that the Heads of Colleges had accompanied the Mayor and Corporation on the occasion. Whether this was really the case or not it is difficult now to find out, but at all events the paragraph gave rise to the following letter in the *Courier*, with the name appended to it of the Master of Sidney Sussex College:—

"To the Editor of the '*Courier*.'"

"SIDNEY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 13.

"SIR,—I was very much astonished to read, in your excellent journal of the 11th inst., that the Heads of Colleges in our University had accompanied the Mayor and Corporation of this town to Cheveley, on the occasion of the presentation of an address to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, on his magnanimous speech on the Papist Question. I was astonished, because the general accuracy of your intelligence, and the extraordinary care you evidently take to obtain the most authentic information on every subject, led me to expect that you would not have fallen into the error into which the *Morning Chronicle*, and papers of equal authenticity with itself, are so often guilty of. The Heads of Houses did not accompany, or in any way interfere, on the occasion you allude to; the address was the address of the Corporation only, and the Mayor and Corporation alone attended.

"Whatever sentiments the Heads of Colleges entertain on this question (and I believe there is but one opinion as to the dreadful danger of admitting the Papist into power) amongst them, they could not, of course, have mixed themselves up with the Corporation. They have uniformly and pointedly kept themselves aloof from that body, not deeming it consistent with the dignity of their office, and the character they bear in the University, to connect themselves in any way with a body like the Corporation. At the same time, Sir, I would not be understood for a moment to throw any slur on that body, in saying this, as I am given to believe that they are a very respectable set of men. All I wish to say is, that the Heads of Colleges cannot consent that it should go out to the world, uncontradicted, that they have gone in procession with,

or joined the Corporation, in any address whatever. Sensible of the value of a few lines in your loyal paper, I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient servant,

"WM. CHAFY,  
Master of Sidney College."

As Dr. Chafey had the reputation of being somewhat pompous, and innocent of any undue extent of wisdom, this letter was accepted by the editor, and generally by Cambridge men, as genuine. And evidently it was under that persuasion that two wags (who may be guessed, but who were perhaps too fond of a joke,) concocted the following letter:—

"To the Editor of the '*Courier*.'"

"CHERRY-HINTON, Sunday, Oct. 16, 1825.

"SIR,—It was entirely and exclusively owing to my absence from Cambridge at this place, that I did not sooner see your paper of the 14th, which has been transmitted to me this morning by a friend, marking the passage in which I am concerned.

"It is with the greatest concern and embarrassment that I find myself obliged to produce my name in the public prints of the day; but, having been once imposed upon to insert it, I trust to your justice in correcting that *erratum*. I do not hesitate, therefore, to say, that the letter signed 'Wm. Chafy,' in your paper now before me, of the 14th, is not only unauthentic, but absolutely fictitious. I do not mean to say that the contents are not substantially true, which is easily accounted for by their proceeding from the same knot (not unsuspected, nor perhaps unknown to myself), whose object was first to hold up to ridicule the University to which I belong, and secondly me, an unworthy member of it. What is not true is, that I presumed to take upon myself to throw a slur (if I may be allowed the expression) upon the Mayor and Corporation of Cambridge, with whom I have the happiness to live in the decent habits of occasional and courteous conviviality—or that I should have presumed to speak the sense of the Heads of the University, not being deputed so to do. This presumption, and the imbecility manifest throughout the whole letter, which has been clandestinely, and (I think, without a breach of charity, I may say) maliciously, imposed upon you, will, I hope, vindicate me from the necessity of further exculpation, and induce you to insert this without delay, so that it may meet the eyes of my friends before my return to Cambridge next week.

"I will confess, Sir, that I might have hoped that the word '*Papist*,' used as an adjective, as applied to question, might have struck the editor of the *Courier* as an expression not

likely to flow from the pen of a Head of a College in Cambridge.

"Born and bred in an abhorrence of the See of Rome, I should have characterised the question upon which the Mayor and Corporation proceeded to Cheveley, not as the 'Papist Question' (as my *fac-simile* is made to call it), but as the Popish one—or, to be plainer, the motive of the author I consider as decidedly Popish. His person I should designate as that of a Papist. In like manner, I am made to express the apprehension of the Heads of Houses, relative to admitting the Papists into power, amongst them.

"To conclude, the mistake is evident. The fabricator of this silly and clumsy forgery has obviously looked to the Cambridge Calendar for the name of the Head of my College, where, by a well-known mistake, the name of its Master is spelt, as it appears in your paper, without an *e*, while, on the other hand, the College is designated as Sidney College.

"None of your Cambridge correspondents can be ignorant that the name of the College is Sidney Sussex College, as I always scrupulously write it, while the Chafeys of Gloucestershire, as is notorious to all the world, have for centuries spelt their name as it is signed by, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

"W. M. CHAFEY, D.D.,  
Master of Sidney Sussex College."

It seems by the following note, which the Editor appended to the above letter, that the real Dr. Chafey had written a very concise repudiation of the first letter, and that the Editor, having the two before him, decided against the genuineness of the real letter. Whether he was actually deceived, or whether he thought the long letter too precious a bit of fun not to be given to the world, it is impossible now to say; but at all events this long rigmarole appeared in the columns of the *Courier*, with the Editor's stamp, to mark that he deemed it a genuine article:—

"[We, of course, readily give insertion to the letter of Dr. Chafey; and we are glad we received it this morning, or we might not have had it in our power to assist him in discovering the author of the fabricated one. To explain this, we must state, that we received, by the post of this day, another letter, purporting to be written by Dr. Chafey, and dated from Sidney Lodge, complaining that the former one was a forgery, and requesting us to send the MS. of the 'forged document.' We were struck with the similarity of the handwriting, though some pains were evidently taken to disguise it. The object of the writer is now obvious. He wished to get the evidence of his silly trick into his own hands. We have

only to add, that both the letters are at the service of Dr. Chafey, if he wishes to make any inquiry into the fraud.—Ed.]"

The Doctor, it must be confessed, was now in no very enviable position: for what must have been his feelings when on opening his newspaper, expecting to find his own short denial of the first letter, he found instead of it nearly three-quarters of a column, with his name appended to it, of still worse rubbish than that which he had been so desirous to repudiate? All this was bad enough: but the offer of the Editor to place at his disposal the manuscript of the first letter, in order to assist him in discovering the author of the hoax, whilst assuming that the second had been really written by him, must have been to anyone, even endowed with the best of tempers, to say the least, extremely aggravating.

In this state of affairs, however, the Doctor took the best course. He put himself into the mail-coach, and sought a personal interview with the Editor, as well to satisfy that gentleman that his own letter was really his own, as to inspect the two *not* genuine letters, which evidently came from different quarters. At all events, it is pleasant to reflect that he was successful in the object of his journey, as on the next day he had the satisfaction to see an unqualified denial on his part of having had anything whatever to do with the composition of either of the two letters.

When the first letter appeared, it was my lot (having been at Cambridge, and having often heard Dr. Chafey make a speech from a balcony in the market-place to a public meeting) to point it out to Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere. It afforded them much amusement; but when they found inserted in the papers the rigmarole of a contradiction so interminably long, together with the deliberate judgment of the Editor upon it, their merriment was unbounded. They amused themselves with writing squibs on the subject, and both of them found relief in the composition of verses on the great question



in which had originated the deputation to Cheveley. None of these squibs were published. So soon as they found that Dr. Chafey denied the parentage not only of the last, but also of the first letter, they said that he was not a fair object for quizzing.

The letters, especially the last, were a source of much fun in the newspapers. The second has been ascribed to Theodore Hook, but it is very certain that he was not its author.

The following is a specimen of the sort of mirth in which they indulged. It was the joint composition of the two, dictated by them to me, with that remarkable power of adapting their mutual thoughts, which, on more than one occasion, they had exhibited. There is not a single sentence in it which was not partly dictated by both, each taking up the last words of the other; so that had one not distinguished between the two voices, it would have appeared to the amanuensis but the dictation of one man. It was entitled "A Brief Sketch of Dr. Chafey's Life."

"Dr. Chafey, who has so lately attracted so much of public attention by his controversies in the public prints, was born at Hogsthorpe, in Gloucestershire, and was early destined for the Church. He received the rudiments of his education at the free school of his parish, where he distinguished himself greatly in English composition. At Cambridge, where he was assiduous in his attendance at Commons, the charms of algebra fascinated our young aspirant. On the tripos of the year 1793 his name appears designated by the significant distinction of 19th Senior Optime—a class inferior only to that of the Wranglers themselves.

"After the example of the celebrated Wakefield, he was an assiduous though unsuccessful candidate for the various classical prizes which the University holds forth to her *alumni*. Unlike his prototype, an ingenuous modesty prevented his mentioning publicly the numerous instances of competition which did so much honour to his perseverance.

"Amongst many amiable qualities, he was perhaps too fond of religious controversy and toasted cheese. Thus much as to his moral and physical qualities.

"His literary reputation is chiefly founded on his letter to the *Courier* newspaper, the subsequent contradiction of which in the Doctor's own name has given rise to a controversy which is perhaps even now rather slum-

bering in its ashes than permanently extinguished. His life, however, is said to be coming out in numbers, which will give an interest to his future contradictions of his own works, such as the Papists themselves cannot hope effectually to suppress.

"To finish his character. His voice was a fine *basso relievo*, and his grace before meat, though long, truly eloquent. His appetite was rather strenuous than nice."

Here is another specimen:—

"The Lieutenant Chafey who has lately returned from Surinam, and has brought with him the wild man of the woods, is nephew of Dr. Chafey, the Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. The Lieutenant was struck by the fanciful but interesting likeness of this animal to his eminent relation, which upon approximation appears to be by no means an imaginary one. This interesting animal is now lodged in the College Gardens, and accompanied Dr. Chafey to Cheveley, where the likeness afforded much amusement to the royal and distinguished persons assembled there."

Such was the way in which a great statesman with his friend sought relief from the cares of state. Nothing was more agreeable in Mr. Canning's character than the enjoyment which he derived from harmless mirth. No one who had ever witnessed the heartiness of his laugh could easily forget it.

Mr. Canning dictated to me the following lines. When he came to those printed in italics, he took the pen in his own hand, and was very merry as soon as he had completed them:—

"Epistle from the Rev. M. —, Tutor of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to his pupil the Hon. —, who had voted for the Catholic Question.

"Dear Sir,—I grieve to differ in opinion From one who I am sure is no Socinian, But a true son of England's Church and State.

It also much concerns me to relate That short, but sharp and frequent indigestions

Have hindered me from answering yet your questions.

But now, by my physician's strict award From hall and Combination Room debarred, I seize a day of discipline to mend Omissions past, and parley with my friend.

Why am I frightened? ask you; wherefore sad?

Why look for change, and why for change that's bad?

Why not a change to better things? A  
stall  
Fertile in fines? or Tythes, both great and  
small,  
Of some snug living? Then with friendship  
true  
As safe and sure you offer to my view  
The pulpit which o'erpeers my Lord's, your  
father's pew,  
In that small parish church—in times more  
pure  
A Rectory: but now a simple Cure.  
That pulpit's mine, you say, for the fond  
care  
With which I reared his Lordship's generous  
heir.  
Thence—I may soothe the Viscount's an-  
xious breast;  
Thence—when the sermon's close disturbs  
his rest:  
Invited to the Manor-house, may dine,  
Perpetual curate on perpetual chine.  
But truce to classic lore, and with the dream  
Of tythes and pulpits: One engrossing theme  
Possesses your poor tutor's soul entire,  
Doom'd by his pupil's vote to Papal fire.

Yes, fallen on times of wickedness and woe,  
We have a Popish Ministry, you know,  
Inclined to light (I humbly do conceive)  
New flames in Smithfield, with Dick Mar-  
tin's<sup>1</sup> leave.  
Canning for this with Robinson conspires;  
The victim that provides, and this the fires:  
Already for this purpose ill-concealed  
The tax on coals they partially repealed;  
Whilst Huskisson, with calculation keen,  
Computes how many pecks will burn a Dean.

*Yes; Deans shall burn: and at the funeral  
pure,  
With face averted from the unhallowed fire  
(Irreverent posture), Harrowby shall stand,  
And hold his coat-flaps up with either hand.*

Oh, fond delusion! other visions rise  
Before my spectacled and gifted eyes.  
Before those eyes blaze faggots—mitres fall,  
And meretricious Babel governs all.  
Beneath his scarlet banner, the Arch-Priest  
Comes forth ferocious on his horned beast:  
His furious Bulls, with more than Basan  
roar,  
Shake far America's remotest shore.  
Now to the proof.

Of as I paced my cloister round I say,  
What, will the dinner never come to-day?  
I say so to amuse that aching void  
Which feeds on wayward fancy unemploy'd.  
Bell rings—hall opens, plates and salvers  
ring.  
God save the Founder, and God save the  
King!

<sup>1</sup> M.P. for Galway; the originator of a Bill  
against Cruelty to Animals.

The Founder! with what grace I see him  
stand,  
And lift his mitred head, and croziered hand,  
Smiling preferment—while the Royal train,  
Lion and unicorn with dangling chain,  
The 'scutcheon of the Faith's Defender bear,  
And grin and gambol with so blith an air.  
The Church and State thus visibly combined  
Drive for a time all terrors from my mind.  
But ah! not long, for ere the feast be done,  
Terror and doubt (as hunger fails) come on;  
With harpy touch pollute the festive scene,  
Poison the lively turtle's lovely green,  
Infect the woolly syllabub I sip,  
And dash the well-frothed tankard from my  
lip.

Even in the joy of savoury deglutition  
I tremble at the Popish superstition.  
Nor this alone—dinner long past, I steal  
From short refectation of my midnight meal.  
(Refectation slight—a lobster's speckled mail,  
Three thin Welsh rabbits, and the smallest  
ale.)

To my lone couch I steal, intent to allay  
In slumber's arms the terrors of the day.  
In vain—for now the visions of the night,  
More hideous, rouse me reeking with affright.  
I wake, as with a mountain's weight op-  
pressed,  
And lo! the Pope sits squatted on my  
breast!

Doth dread like this, so serious, so sincere,  
So quick, so constant, argue danger near?  
It doth, it doth, the voice of reason cries,  
And instinct from her inmost cell replies.  
But *how?* quoth captious incredulity;  
How, when, and where shall all these dan-  
gers be?

Doubt'st thou the means? Behold yon ruf-  
fian band,  
A hundred head from fierce Hibernia's  
strand;  
A hundred head of bloody Papists, who  
Together vote, and talk together too.  
Mark how they close conglomerate and  
combine,

While noise and nonsense mark the deep  
design:  
Wary though wild, they watch the ripening  
day

For blowing King, Lords, Commons, all  
away.

The day arrives—see Parnell's Popish whine  
Has sent the incautious Protestants to dine.  
The Papists linger—look where'er you will,  
All the green seats green Erin's offspring fill.  
They seize the occasion, barricade the door,  
Trample the pasteboard oaths upon the  
floor;

Constrain by force the venerable pair,  
Mace on the table, Speaker in the chair,  
(Ah! how unlike old Cromwell's frolics  
there!)

This done, they move a monstrous resolution,  
Abolishing the laws and Constitution  
Established at the glorious Revolution.  
Another resolution straight they pass,

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Which for Church Service substitutes the  
Mass,  
And makes it penal for Divines to wear  
A shovel-hat, with wigs above their hair.  
This done, the House they for six months  
adjourn,  
And then proceed to persecute and burn.  
Thus, then, to meet the challenge of our  
foe,  
I prove the danger, and the course I show.  
And is this danger serious? Ay or No?  
Shall then the Church?—but hold, I can no  
more.  
Just three soft taps against my chamber  
door  
Arrest my pen; my bed-maker appears  
With my sick dinner—comely though in  
years.  
Farewell then, dearest friend; but ere I  
close  
To my loved pupil this poetic prose,  
Lest I should seem ungrateful to my Lord,  
Allow me to subjoin a single word.  
Glad of the living—thankful for a stall—  
I'll take the Cure till one or t'other fall.  
P.S.—By dispensation I can hold them all."

The following verses were dictated to  
me by Mr. Frere:—

CHEVELY—A MONODY.

"Muse of the Protestant succession!  
Of Patrons and Incumbents in possession,  
Existing circumstances claim my song!  
I that have wooed you long  
Here in the private garden,  
Belonging to the Warden,  
Invoke your aid to my discursive rhyme,  
Sorrowful and sublime!  
No longer in epistolary prose,  
But with a Master's<sup>1</sup> hand and poet's fire,  
In academical attire,  
With an old Lesbian lyre  
I chaunt my woes.  
  
With Chevely we begin the dirge;  
From Chevely did our grief begin.  
Thirteen post-chaises urge  
Their jingling and convivial course,  
At Chevely to carouse in force,  
With cracking whips  
And smacking lips,  
And loyal hungry souls within.  
The Corporation played at knife and fork  
In presence of the Duke of York.  
They were admitted to behold  
The little Marquis, eight years old,  
And hear her Grace's speech in his behalf;  
Nor did they laugh,  
Nor did her Grace's smile  
Seem to reprove the while  
Their appetite immense.  
No—serious and serene, a happy sense  
Of sober humbug harmonized the scene.

<sup>1</sup> N.B.—Of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

His Royal Highness was extremely Royal  
And condescending;  
The Corporation were extremely loyal,  
Bowing and bending;  
Her Grace the Duchess was extremely  
gracious,  
Behaving with the greatest cordiality.  
The wines were excellent, the apartment  
spacious,  
And filled with individuals of quality.  
All the young ladies looked extremely  
pretty,  
Lord Westmoreland was most extremely  
witty,  
The toadeys were alert and serviceable,  
With taste and tact assisting at the table.  
There was Lord Manners from the Libe-  
rian Bar,  
Lord Chatham with his ribbon and his  
star;  
His Grace the Duke the cheerfullest by far.  
In short, the thing went off extremely well;  
Nothing all the while befel—  
Nothing *offensive* or unpleasant,  
As I was told by persons present.  
The Mayor and burgesses, with the Recorder,  
Behaved with perfect order;  
With grave ungrinning jaws  
Looking applanse;  
Nor did a single creature  
Betray, by voice or feature,  
The quiz reciprocal,  
Aristocratic, and municipal.  
Ah, where was I the while, unhappy Chafey?  
Far from the venison and the gravy!  
With unregarded moan  
Dining alone!  
How does my fancy figure all the dishes,  
Shadows and types of better loaves and  
fishes!  
The mighty turbot and the smoking haunch,  
Reserved for Orange freemen, sound and  
staunch.  
Ye careless Heads of Houses!  
To similar carouses  
Ye cannot hope to go!  
Oh cold of heart! of understanding slow!  
Ye mark not the decided, deadly blow  
Which bloody Popery prepares to deal,  
Else, at the Ducal meal  
Ye too might have attended,  
And, when the dinner ended,  
The Duchess, with an air of fascination,  
Might have conveyed an intimation  
Of the propriety  
Of leaving her select society  
And walking out, 'the weather is so  
charming,'  
To admire his Grace's garden, park, (and  
farming.  
Gladly would I have been  
Associated in that happy scene!  
Whether admitted to remain,  
And with his Royal Highness,  
Without reserve or shyness,  
To quaff champagne;  
Or wandering forth at will,

Charm'd and enchanted still,  
To view the garden wall,  
With fruits encumbered,—  
Prime carp and lovely tench in the canal  
In shoals unnumbered !  
Or mark, with keen, anticipating eye,  
Haunches of future venison bounding by !  
But no ! the perils of your *Alma Mater*  
Cannot alarm nor rouse your easy nature,  
To vindicate so great a blessing  
By dining and addressing.

Unutterable things  
Have happened under Hanoverian kings.  
I say—beneath a Monarch Hanoverian,  
These eyes have seen a Presbyterian  
Wielding the patronage of England's Church.

How many were preferred  
During the reign of George the Third,  
While I myself was lingering in the lurch !  
Britons, beware ! let this suffice ;  
Let not the same thing happen twice !  
And ever whilst you live eschew  
The vile, idolatrous, Papistic crew !  
Let not their beads and candles  
Create new crimes and scandals.

Nor Transubstantiation  
Transmogrify the nation !  
Have we not Methodists enough,  
With their long-winded stuff,  
With puling faces and fantastic whine,  
Offensive to the regular divine !  
And must we never have a moment's quiet ?  
Must Papists be brought in to breed a riot ?  
Are those impostors to direct our diet,  
And feed us with their fasting dishes—  
Their eggs and fishes ?

Ah, would not Queen Elizabeth have  
trembled  
To see within the Commons House  
assembled

Every description of dogmatic,  
Perverse fanatic,  
Profane opinion !  
The loose Socinian,]  
The furious Arian,  
And I myself could name an Antitrinitarian.

But worst of all ; behold,  
The surly Calvinists, abhorred of old,  
With their accursed logic,  
And notions demagogic,  
Insisting on an article  
In every word and particle  
Authentically penn'd.

Alas !—How can it end ?  
My scheme may sound perhaps a little  
harsh.

But I myself should wish that Bishop Marsh,<sup>1</sup>  
Before a member is allowed to sit,  
Should first examine and pronounce him  
fit,

Bound to subscribe, acknowledge, and define,  
First, the received authentic Thirty-nine.  
Second, I say, by such a test  
The Church of England may remain at rest.  
Else what awaits us but confusion !  
Subversion of the laws and Constitution !  
And future endless contrarieties,  
Error in every form and all varieties.  
This scheme alone can save us  
From Puritans, and Popes that would  
enslave us.

Oh let us then adopt  
This only plan,  
By which the villains can  
Be Stopt !”

<sup>1</sup> Bishop of Peterborough, who required answers to some twenty or thirty abstruse theological questions from candidates for ordination.

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THOUGHTS UPON GOVERNMENT.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER I.

## ON THE PERSONAL IN GOVERNMENT.

I AM SORRY to be obliged to use this mode of expression, "the personal," which more befits the Greek and German languages than our own. The proper word, however, namely, "personality," has been detrimentally severed from its original meaning, and is now used chiefly in a bad sense.

It is needful alike for the philosopher, who endeavours to solve abstract questions relating to government; for the practical man, who seeks to promote some view, or carry some object by the aid of government; and for all those who are to exercise influence in government, such as members of the Legislature, and constituents, to take careful account of the nature and effect of what is personal in political and governmental action.

<sup>1</sup> [The author of "Thoughts upon Government" some time since gave the public a conditional promise that he would favour them with a second volume; and it will be seen from the following pages that he is beginning to fulfil his promise. He states that subsequently to publishing his first volume he has received from persons of experience much information, many suggestions, and several corrections relating to the various subjects treated in that volume, and that it would have been a great advantage to the work if he had received these communications before the publication of it. He has therefore thought that in the case of the second volume he might avail himself of the advantage referred to, by putting forth portions of his forthcoming work in the pages of this Magazine. As he justly remarks, "In writing upon so large and varied a subject as Government, it is impossible for any one man to possess sufficient experience to enable him to write with the fulness, accuracy, and comprehensiveness, which such a subject demands." He has accordingly adopted this means, by which, in his own characteristic and modest words, "he hopes to make his second volume more worthy of the subject than his first volume has been."—ED. MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.]

No. 151.—VOL. XXVI.

When people are equally educated, equally tempered, and when there are few differences in station (by the way, what a dull world it would then be!), that which is personal will not require to be so much considered. But we are a long way off from that state of things; and personal influence, which is the result of differences of all kinds, must now be admitted to be a great power; sometimes a preponderating power.

De Quincey, who brought nice and delicate thinking to whatever subject he touched upon, considered the results of English politics as the resultants of a series of political forces, thus treating the matter somewhat mathematically. I have the pleasure of finding myself substantially in agreement with that eminent writer; only, where he speaks of forces, I should be inclined to speak of persons, considered both individually and in the aggregate.

I will take an illustration from what goes on in the theatrical world. However different may have been the case in Shakespeare's time, it is now found necessary for playwrights to write their plays with much consideration of what the actors can act. This may be a very unfortunate circumstance for the "drama," but it is one that must be taken into account; and in the greater drama of political life and governmental action, it certainly must not be neglected. Those performances will not go well on that stage in which the parts have not been set forth with some consideration of the peculiar powers and merits of the actors.

I especially wish it to be noted that I do not mean by the word "actors" to allude to the principal performers only, but intend to include in it those who form the choruses and the whole phalanx of supernumeraries.

To bring the matter home. It is no good, for instance, to bring forward political measures which are totally at discord

with the personal feelings of the majority of the people. It is very hazardous even to bring forward measures which are totally at variance with the views and wishes of any very important section of the community. At any rate the time for producing such measures must be most carefully chosen; for, if premature, it almost ensures defeat. See, therefore, how, in this instance, that which is "personal" has to be considered.

Scores of other instances may be adduced. There is a very striking one, that ought to be mentioned. In these busy times of ours, when new questions relating to politics and government are rising up every day, it is absolutely impossible for any man—even for the man who is very fond of his own thoughts, and who would like to form an independent judgment upon everything that comes before him—to arrive at solutions of all these questions for himself. He must put some faith in others. He must, to a certain extent, rely upon authority. Here, therefore, enters the personal element in one of its most determining forms. How it comes to prevail is thus. A man can form, and always will form, some notion of the personal character of those who come prominently before the world; and he finds it easier, and sometimes imperatively necessary, from want of time and other means, to adopt their views rather than to attempt to work out conclusions for himself.

The foregoing remarks lead us naturally to the consideration of parties in the State. Here, again, the personal element enters very largely indeed. It is a dream of vain dreamers to suppose that parties can be done away with in States that are governed by what are called Constitutional Governments. In such States parties must exist. Hence arise the gravest and most difficult questions, many of them relating very closely to that which is purely personal. I suppose that there are very few matters which have occasioned more trouble to the nice consciences of men, who wish to act rightly in all they do, than the questions connected with party action. Take, for instance, one of the highest forms of this difficulty—namely, how far a Cabinet Minister should go, and

where he should stop in going, if his colleagues are proceeding in a path which is distasteful for him to take, and from the taking of which he perceives future serious evil. How much enters here that is personal. How much he has to consider that relates to the characters of those he is at present acting with. The argument that is generally addressed to him, and which often prevails with him, perhaps too often, is this:—If you resign, you run the chance of breaking up the party; this one will follow you; that one will follow him; and so, this great party, with whom in the main you agree, may lose its power, and, for the present, come to nought.

Then look at the action of the personal in comparatively minor matters. The longer one lives, the more one learns to believe in the singular powers of individual men. Take, for instance, a matter which may appear at first sight to be somewhat remote from the subject we are considering—namely, the organization of a government department. You shall put one man at the head of such an office, and he can do nothing without at once re-organizing. No tools but his own, fashioned exactly to his liking, will serve his purpose. You put another man, not supposed to be of greater capability than the former, into the same seat of power, and he sets to work to do his work with the tools that are given to him; and a better organization grows up almost insensibly around him, created by the mode in which he accomplishes the work that he has to do. He is skilled in dealing with persons.

I have already dwelt so much upon the necessity of choosing fit men for political and governmental offices, that I fear to pursue the subject further. But all I can say is, that those men, or bodies of men, who have to choose representatives and public servants, should enter very much into purely personal considerations, having relation to the characters and nature of individuals. There can hardly be a greater error than supposing that a man will do the work you want him to do, merely because he happens at a certain moment to hold, or that he affects to hold, opinions exactly coincident with your own.



I would not have it imagined, for a moment, that I suppose that personal feelings—which, by the way, are often created in their strongest form by personal interests—are not frequently a great hindrance to the attainment of good and important objects. We may frankly admit that. At the same time, however, we must also admit that very great and good objects are often attained by means of personal influence. Men who are respected, and justly respected, because they take more pains in forming their opinions than their fellow-citizens do, enjoy a peculiar influence on that account. Their opinions ultimately prevail, not exactly by the process of argument, but simply by the personal influence which, in their respective circles, they command. If we could know the secret history of how any opinion came to prevail in the world, I suspect we should find that the weight of personal influence had, in almost all instances, been the prevailing means of preponderance.

Such considerations as the foregoing tend to limit our apprehension of the ill effects which must sometimes be admitted to exist in party connections and in party spirit.

To the philosophic mind it may be an uncomfortable reflection to think that all matters, political and governmental, are not settled by the pure force of argumentation. I confess, however, that I am thankful that human beings are so constituted as to be able to shake themselves free from the weight of arguments, however imposing those arguments may be; and that the world is largely governed by its affections, which, after all, include the greater part of our nature, and that part which is perhaps best worth cultivating.

Besides—and this is no light matter—these personal affections give stability to a State. If we were more amenable to argument than we are, the affairs of the world would be in a state of continually rapid fluxion; and good growth would not come out of that. There would be a series of wooden edifices rapidly succeeding one another; for when you disturbed a post, or a girder, of one of these frail constructions, the whole edifice would give way, to be succeeded by a similar construction of

frailty. What rapid changes we have known in our own time even in scientific conclusions; and it would not have been well to have had the practical affairs of this life so rapidly disturbed. Whereas, on the contrary, those affairs in human life which are “stuff,” to use a Shakespearian phrase, of the affections, the passions, the prejudices of mankind, of all indeed that is personal, are like forest trees in their growth and stability, very tiresome to uproot sometimes when they are ill-grown and you want to uproot them; but which may afford some abiding shade, shelter, and fruit.

There are some persons who may take an objection to our giving much thought to studying the personal in politics, because they would contend that the effect of this personality is absorbed by those large and general movements of the human mind which prevail in any particular era. In short, they would say, “Study the age, and not the man.” There is a remarkable Arabic proverb which tends to support their views—namely, that “a man is more the child of the age in which he lives, than of his own father.” But, in the world’s history, we find that there are many exceptional children—and those are the children who make the most noise in the world, and lead the other children. Quitting, however, all metaphor, let us ask ourselves whether Machiavelli, or any other profound thinker upon politics, would advise us to be content with studying solely our own age, its peculiar movements of thought, and its prejudices, to the exclusion of studying the peculiar characters of the individual men who will have especial sway in our age.

Bringing the matter home to political thought, I contend that all those, from the highest to the lowest, who desire to take an earnest part in politics, should carefully consider the nature and characters of their leaders. I do not mean to limit this consideration to the characters of the great leaders only of political thought and action. Nine out of ten of us have some political leader—some person whose opinion we greatly regard, or whose influence we feel, in political matters—and it becomes us to consider, much and closely, what is

the nature and character of the person whom we have thus exalted into leadership.

Here enters a very important view of human character, as bearing upon human action, which I believe is hardly ever sufficiently considered. In fact, the error, arising from this want of consideration, is one of those which most infests human action. It is in considering a character not *ad hoc*—not in respect to those matters in which the character is significant as regards the purpose for which you investigate the character. Now, apply this thought to very humble instances. You want to have good bricks made. You must look, at any rate in the first instance, to the qualities that make a man a good brickmaker. His religion, his political opinions, his social conduct, many even of his personal merits or failings, have nothing whatever to do with the question of his being a good or bad brickmaker. A similar train of thought may be applied to the highest matters; and whenever any man chooses for himself a political leader or representative, one of the chief things he ought to make up his mind about is the character of that leader, or representative, in so far as it bears upon the particular function for which he is chosen. Reuben may have had every virtue under the sun, except stability; but it being pronounced by his father that "unstable as water, he should not excel," it would not have been advisable to choose a leader, or representative, from a tribe which partook of that hereditary vice of instability.

I now venture to put forth something which may be considered somewhat too subtle, but it is nevertheless worthy of observation. It often happens that a man has certain views and objects, which, for the moment, are your views and objects; but this man's ultimate designs, and also his nature and character, are thoroughly foreign to yours. And, strange to say, his present agreement with you may signally foreshadow future disagreement—as, for example, when a very young man agrees with a very old and experienced man. Even the way in which he advocates his present views (which are yours also), may indicate how wide is the difference

between yourself and himself upon essentials. It will be a great question for you, how far you should support that man. Or, take the exactly opposite case. Suppose that the man in question differs from you, even materially, as respects certain present objects. Is it wise to depose him as your leader or representative, when you are able to detect that in essentials, that in his ultimate views, that in the deeper signs of character, he is with you?

The above are altogether personal questions, requiring nice and careful thought; and they go some way to support the main purpose of this chapter, which is to show the value of what is personal in politics, and the need for studying it on the part of any person who wishes to fulfil his political duties, as a citizen, to his own satisfaction, and to his country's welfare.

A just consideration of the personal would tend to prevent much waste of thought in the discussion of governmental questions. Observe what has been the case as regards the writers in former ages, who have directed their minds to these questions. How little does one get, that is useful, from men who have devoted themselves to abstract questions relating to the origin of government, or from those of the Abbé Sièyes kind, who have been eminently skilful in framing Constitutions upon paper. The phrases "Social Contract," "Divine Right," "Greatest happiness of greatest number," buzz about our ears; but when we come to translate them into action, they mostly elude our grasp. One doctrinaire responds to another, and all is haziness for the poor practical man who is inclined to take things as they are, and to endeavour to evolve some good out of them. I would not say that the labours of philosophic men, who have devoted themselves to abstract questions of government, are wholly useless; but you enter quite a different atmosphere of thought when you approach the minds of Bacon, Machiavelli, and Goethe—men who have been largely conversant with other men, as superiors, inferiors, or equals—and throughout whose works you will find that much of what is strictly personal has entered into all their

considerations upon governmental questions. The reason is, that such men have been men of the world in the best sense, whereas the others have for the most part been but students.

I am not a Positivist; in fact, I agree with Carlyle in a certain distaste for all 'isms and isms;' but there must be something of deep meaning and attraction in Comte's works, which has made so many earnest disciples for that remarkable man. I find that attraction in such doctrines as these, which are laid down by him: "In the Positivist phase the mind, convinced of the futility of all inquiry into *causes* and *essences*, restricts itself to the observation and classification of phenomena, and to the discovery of the invariable *relations* of succession and similitude which things bear to each other: in a word, to the discovery of the *laws* of phenomena."<sup>1</sup>

Now, some of the most important phenomena in the world are in the domain of the personal: which have regard to the personality both of individuals and of nations. It was to these phenomena that such men as Bacon, Machiavelli, and Goethe largely devoted their attention when dealing with questions relating to government.

How all-important is this question of personality when the choice of men for the highest situations is to be made! A man, much versed in the discernment of human character, chooses another man, also well versed in that great art of life, and henceforth, while that well-chosen man rules over the greatest Viceroyalty of the earth, millions of human beings are tolerably well governed.

I cannot also help remarking that recent events of great magnitude show how much necessity there is for studying the personal character, if I may so express it, of nations.

## CHAPTER II.

### ON COMPROMISE.

I SUPPOSE that every writer is prone to exaggerate the importance of the subject

<sup>1</sup> Comte's "Philosophy of the Sciences." By G. H. Lewes, Sect. I. p. 11.

which immediately occupies his attention. Perhaps he would hardly write with sufficient vigour if it were not for the stimulus afforded by this exaggeration. Though I am very averse to throwing adjectives about carelessly, I fear that I have often used the word "important" rather indiscriminately, applying it to each division of the general subject I have been treating.

And now this subject of "compromise," I must own, seems to me of the highest importance; for it not only enters largely into the ordinary affairs of daily life, but is certainly to be found in full vigour in the greatest matters relating to government.

The habit of the English people to indulge in compromises is a rooted one. It has its origin in the very depths of their nature. As I have intimated before, they do not like pushing things to extremes. They like to get on, somehow or other, with the business that is before them; and compromise always seems to be progress. Then, again, those who are masters of the situation, who feel that they have the commanding vote, whenever it may come to the point of voting, are often inclined to be generous, and would be glad if the measure they advocate could be passed with something like an appearance of unanimity. On the whole, therefore, this inclination of ours in favour of compromise is a good thing, and has often prevented outbreaks of passion, and great ruptures in public affairs.

But there are drawbacks. It is not every matter that will admit of compromise; and it often requires great discernment to decide when a question admits of compromise, and when it does not. There are matters in which compromise is admirable—as, for instance, when there is submitted to a legislative body some social or political measure, affecting closely the wishes, interests, or even the prejudices, of large bodies in the State, and respecting which there is wide difference of opinion throughout the land. Then compromise may justly be adopted as affording a wise and peaceful solution of the difficulty—a solution which, if not final, may be expected to remain undisturbed for a considerable time.

As a general rule, compromises are good in legislation and bad in administration.

I will now give an instance of the unfitness of compromise in a matter of administration. Suppose that a government department is being re-organized, and that it is thought advisable to place certain duties, and certain clear and definite responsibilities, upon a newly-created officer in that department. These duties and these responsibilities at present, however, partly belong to some other officer, or some section of the department; and for the sake of peace, and with a view of getting something done, compromise is employed, and these said duties are not wholly severed from that old officer, or section of the department. Everybody will see at once that much mischief may ensue as the effect of compromise in this particular case.

Again, as regards matters of account, I have known the greatest confusion, and ultimately great evil, to arise from the want of clear definition of duties and responsibilities. And, when you trace the mischief to its source, you are nearly sure to find that it originated in an unwholesome spirit of compromise—in fact, in applying compromise to some transaction which did not admit of any compromise whatever. Now this is a thing which English statesmen have much to beware of. Being addicted to compromise in political affairs and in social measures—also as members of Parliament, being often obliged to make compromises with their constituents—their minds get into a habit of compromising, and they are under the domination of that habit on occasions when they should totally discard it.

The lover of compromise may take an objection, which appears very plausible at first sight, to the foregoing course of argument. He may say, "Compromise is not surrender. I, at any rate, contrive to carry my views partially into effect. My opponent has gone a bit, if but a small bit, of the road on which I wished that we should travel together; and, so far, some good has resulted from compromise."

There is, however, an answer to this train of reasoning, which in many cases

is a complete answer, and which, in almost all cases, requires to be carefully considered. It is this—that you, the compromiser, have, as it were, shot your bolt. You have made an effort which most probably cannot be made again with the same vigour. Moreover, you may never have the opportunity of making it again. How often this must apply to the case of a Minister of State. He does not, perhaps, remain long enough in office to remedy the ill effects of an injudicious compromise in some matter which, as I before said, did not admit of any compromise at all. He had far better have left the thing alone; content to wait for an opportunity, either for himself or his successor, of effecting his object thoroughly.

The question of compromise or non-compromise is often one of the thorniest possible. Its ramifications are very extensive, and it cannot be exhausted by a few apt illustrations, as it deals with every variety of circumstance in human life.

Moreover, you have not only to consider the nature of the subject submitted for compromise, but also the exact nature and extent of your convictions respecting it. A subject may in itself be unfitted for compromise. Again, it may be suitable for compromise on the part of other people, but not on your part, on account of the opinions which you hold in regard to this subject. Again, it may be a subject respecting which your views would allow you, however unwillingly, to enter into a compromise. Those views, however, extend into other objects of great importance, and if you compromise here, you must compromise there, *in pari materia*, and this you are by no means prepared to do.

To take an instance:—It is proposed to abrogate a law which prevents the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister. Many people will say, as I do, that this is not a question which in itself admits of compromise. Whichever side we may take in the controversy, most of us have come to *that* conclusion. But suppose, just for the sake of argument, that some ingenious person, who dotes upon compromise, should have invented a mode of introducing his favourite remedy

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in the case of this vexed question. Suppose he should say: "It is unwise to allow men, as a general rule, to marry their deceased wives' sisters; but we will make an exception for poor and plain men—poverty and plainness to be defined in the schedule to the bill," where, as I have often observed, the special difficulties of an Act of Parliament are conveniently placed in comparative obscurity. Our compromising friend would argue in this way: "The poor and plain man would naturally have a difficulty in finding a second wife, but his deceased wife's sister, having regard to her little nephews and nieces, and being, perhaps, somewhat accustomed to the tiresome ways of the man, may kindly put up with him as a husband."

I have chosen a rather strange and ludicrous mode of compromise, which only serves to illustrate how difficult, to my mind, any compromise at all would be in this matter.

The compromise is, however, proposed; and some kindly souls might say: "Let us take any compromise we can get in this matter. We shall be doing something at least for the poor and plain men." If, however, your convictions, reader, are as strong as mine upon this matter, you could not listen to any compromise, but

must insist upon a total maintenance or a total abrogation of the present law.

Again, speaking generally, your convictions as regards any question submitted to you may not be so clear and strong as to render you absolutely adverse to any compromise relating to it alone, as you might say. But remember that no large questions, and indeed very few questions of any kind, are of an isolated nature. Even if you are willing to abandon principle in the particular case, you have deeply to consider whether you could prudently and rightly do so, bearing in mind other questions which are of a kindred nature, and which demand the application of the same principles as those upon which your convictions in this matter are based.

If you give way here, you may find hereafter that you are subject to a surprise upon your opinions in relation to these kindred subjects. In short, there is nothing which requires more to be considered in making any compromise than whether it is final in its nature, and what concessions in the future are, logically at least, involved in your present compromise.

Those compromises alone are perfectly safe which have no continuity of compromise involved in them.

*To be continued.*

## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## SAVED !

*"Unto the great Twin Brethren  
We keep this solemn feast.  
Swift, swift the great Twin Brethren  
Came spurring from the east!"*

CASTOR and Pollux did us notable service that morning at Worcester. Arthur was coming round to see Bell before we started. Queen Tita was oppressed by anxious fears; and declared that now the great crisis had come, and that the young man from Twickenham would demand some pledge from Bell as he bade her good-bye. The dread of this danger drove the kindly little woman into such exaggerations of his misconduct of yesterday that I began to wonder if this Arthur were really the same lad she used to pet and think so much of when he came down to Leatherhead and dandled with my Lady and Bell along the Surrey lanes of an evening. What had changed him since then?

"You are pleased to be profound," says Tita, abruptly.

Well, I was only pointing out to her that one of the chief accomplishments of life is consideration for the sick; and that whereas nearly all women seem to have an inherited instinct that way, men only acquire the habit as the result of experience and reflection. Indeed, with most women, the certain passport to their interest and kindness is to be unwell and exact a great deal of patient service from them. Now—I was saying to Tita, when she uttered that unnecessary rebuke—why don't women show the same consideration to those who are mentally ailing?—to the unfortunate persons whose vexed and irritated brain renders them peevish and ill-tem-

pered? Once get a patient down with fever, and all his fractious complainings are soothed, and all his querulous whims are humoured. But when the same man is rendered a little insane by meeting with a disappointment—or if he is unable to stand being crossed in argument, so that the mildest statement about some such contested subject as the American War, Governor Eyre, or the Annexation of Alsace, sends a flash of flame through his head—why should not the like allowance be made for his infirmities? Why should the man who is ill-tempered because of a fever be humoured, caressed, and coaxed; and the man who is ill-tempered because his reason is liable to attacks of passion, be regarded as an ill-conditioned boor, not fit for the society of well-bred ladies and gentlemen?

"I think," says Tita, with a little warmth, "you do nothing now but try to invent excuses for Arthur. And it is not fair. I am very sorry for him if he is so vexed that he loses his temper; but that does not excuse his being absolutely rude."

"But his rudeness is part of his ailment," I venture to say. "Ordinarily, he is the mildest and gentlest of young men, who would shrink from a charge of rudeness as the worst thing you could urge against him. At present he is off his head. He does not know what he says—or rather, he is incapable of controlling his utterances. He is really sick with a fever—though it isn't one of those, apparently, that secure the commiseration of even the most angelic of women."

I regarded that last expression as rather effective; but no. My Lady remarked that she was not accustomed to



the treatment of the insane; and that another day such as that she had just passed would soon make her as ill as himself.

Our Bonny Bell did not seem so disturbed as might have been expected. When we went down to the coffee-room we found the Lieutenant and her sitting at opposite sides of a small table, deeply engaged over a sheet of paper. On our entrance the document was hastily folded up and smuggled away.

"It is a secret," said the Lieutenant, anticipating inquiry. "You shall not know until we are away on our journey again. It is a packet to be opened in a quiet place—no houses near, no persons to perish; and then—and then——"

"Perhaps it will remain a secret? *Bien!* Life is not long enough to let one meddle with secrets; they take up so much time in explanation, and then they never contain anything."

"But this is a very wonderful thing," said the Lieutenant, "and you must hurry to get away from Worcester that you shall hear of it."

We were, however, to have another sealed packet that morning. Master Arthur, knowing full well that he would have but little chance of speaking privately with Bell, had entrusted his thoughts to a piece of paper and an envelope; and just as we were in the hurry of departure, the young man appeared. The truth was, the Lieutenant had ordered the horses to be put in some quarter of an hour before the time we had said we should start; and my Lady showed so much anxiety to set forth at once that I saw she hoped to leave before Arthur came.

The phaeton stood in the archway of the hotel, and on the stone steps were flung the rugs and books.

"My dear," says Tita, rather anxiously, to Bell, "do get in! The horses seem rather fresh, and——"

"Won't you wait to bid good-bye to Arthur?" says Bell.

"It is impossible to say when he will come—he will understand—I will leave a message for him," says Queen Titania, all in a breath; and with that the

Lieutenant assists Bell to get up in front.

I have the reins in my hand, awaiting orders. The last rugs are thrown up, books stowed away, everything in readiness; Tita takes her seat behind, and the Lieutenant is on the point of getting up.

At this moment Arthur comes round the corner, is amazed for a moment to see us ready to start, and then suddenly brings out a letter.

"Bell," he says, "I—I have—there is something here I want you to see—only a moment, and you can give me an answer now—yes or no——"

The unfortunate young man was obviously greatly excited; his face quite pale, and his speech rapid and broken. He handed up the letter: the crisis that Tita had endeavoured to avoid had come. But in this our darkest hour—as I have already hinted—Castor and Pollux came to the rescue. It was the battle of the Lake Regillus acted once again in the gateway of the Worcester Star Hotel. For Pollux, casting his head about and longing to start, managed to fix his bit on the end of the pole; and, of course, a wild scene ensued. Despite the efforts of the ostler, the horse threw himself back on his haunches; the phaeton described a curve, and was driven against the wall with a loud crash; the people about fled in every direction, and the Lieutenant jumped out and sprang to the horses' heads. Pollux was still making violent efforts to extricate himself, and Castor, having become excited, was plunging about; so that for a moment it seemed as though the vehicle would be shattered in pieces against the wall of the court. The women were quite still, except that Tita uttered a little suppressed cry as she saw the Lieutenant hanging on to the rearing horses. He stuck manfully to their heads, and, with the assistance of the ostler, at last managed to get the bit off. Then both horses sprung forward. It would have been impossible to have confined them longer in this narrow place. The Lieutenant leaped in behind; and the next moment the phaeton was

out in the main street of Worcester, both horses plunging and pulling so as to turn all eyes towards us. Certainly, it was a good thing the thoroughfare was pretty clear. The great Twin Brethren, not knowing what diabolical occurrence had marked their setting out, were speeding away from the place with might and main; and with scarcely a look at Worcester we found ourselves out in the country again, amid quiet and wooded lanes, with all the sweet influences of a bright summer morning around us.

"I hope you are not hurt," said my Lady to the Lieutenant, who was looking about to see whether the smash had taken some of our paint off, or done other damage.

"Oh, not in the least, Madame," he said, "but I find that one of my boots it is cut, so that I think the shoe of the horse must have done it. And has he caught on the pole before?"

"Only once," she says.

"Then I would have the bit made with bars across, so that it will be more difficult; for suppose this did happen in the road, and there was a ditch, and he backed you——"

"I suppose we should go over," remarked QueenTita, philosophically. "But it is strange how often accidents in driving might occur, and how seldom they do occur. But we must really have the bit altered."

"Well," I say to my gentle companion, "what message did you leave with Arthur?"

"I could not leave any," said Bell, "for of course when the horses went back, he had to get out of their way. But he will understand that I will write to him."

"Have you read the letter?"

"No."

"Do, like a good girl, and have it over. That is always the best way. You must not go into this beautiful country that lies ahead with a sort of cloud over you."

So Bell took out the letter, and furtively opened it. She read it carefully over, without uttering a word; then

she continued looking at it for a long time.

"I am very glad that accident occurred," she remarked, in a low voice. "He said I was to answer 'yes' or 'no.' I could not do that to such a letter as this; and if I had refused, he would have been very much hurt. I will write to him from whatever place we stop at to-night."

This resolution seemed greatly to comfort her. If any explanation were needed, it was postponed until the evening; and in the meantime we had fine weather, fresh air, and all the bright colours of an English landscape around us. Bell rapidly resumed her ordinary good spirits. She begged to have the reins; and when these had been handed over to her, with various cautions, the excitement of driving a pair of horses that yet showed considerable signs of freshness brought a new colour into her cheeks. The route which we now followed was one of the prettiest we had yet met with. Instead of following the old stage-coach route by Droitwich, we struck almost due north by a line of small and picturesque villages lying buried in the heart of this deeply-wooded country. The first of these was Ombersley—a curious little clump of cottages, nearly all of which were white, with black bars of woodwork crossed and re-crossed; and they had odd gables, and lattices, and decorations, so that they looked almost like toy-cottages. Wearing white and black in this prominent way, our Uhlan immediately claimed them as Prussian property; but beyond the fact of their showing the Prussian colours, there was little else foreign-looking about those old-fashioned English houses lying along this level lane, and half hidden amid elms. As we got up into the higher ground above Ombersley we found around us a very pleasant landscape; and it seemed to strike my gentle-eyed companion that the names of the villages around had been chosen to accord with the tender and sylvan beauties of this pretty piece of country. One of the sign-posts we passed had inscribed on it, "To Dover-

dale and Hampton Lovett." Then in the neighbourhood are Elmley Lovett, Elmbridge, Crossway Green, and Gardeners' Grove; while down between these runs Doverdale Brook, skirting Westmoor Park, the large house of which we could see as a faint blue mound amid the general leafage. The country, which is flat about Ombersley, gets more undulating about Hartlebury and on towards Kidderminster. The road winds up and down gentle hills, with tall and ruddy banks of sand on each side, which are hanging with every variety of wild flower and wayside weed. On both hands dense woods come down to these tall and picturesque banks; and you drive through an atmosphere laden with moist and resinous scents.

It was fortunate for us, indeed, that before starting we had lived for a time in town; for all the various perfumes of the hedges and fields came upon us with a surprise. Every now and again, on these cool and breezy mornings, we would drive past a hay-field, with the fresh and sweet odours blowing all around. Or perhaps it was a great clump of wild-rose bushes that filled the air with delicate scent. Then the lime-trees were in flower; and who does not know the delight of passing under the boughs laden with blossom, when the bees are busy overhead? More rarely, but still frequently enough in this favoured country, a whiff of honeysuckle was borne to us as we passed. And if these things sweetened the winds that blew about us, consider what stars of colour refreshed the eye as we drove gently past the tall hedges and borders of woods—the golden rock-roses, purple patches of wild thyme, the white glimmering of stitchwort and campion, the yellow spires of the snapdragon, and a thousand others. And then, when we ceased to speak, there was no blank of silence. Away over the hay-field the lark floated in the blue, making the air quiver with his singing; the robin, perched on a fence, looked at us saucily, and piped a few notes by way of remark; the blackbird was heard, flute-throated, down in the hollow recesses of the woods; and the thrush,

in a holly-tree by the wayside, sang out his sweet, clear song, that seemed to rise in strength as the wind awoke a sudden rustling through the long woods of birch and oak.

"Well, touching that sealed packet?" says my Lady, aloud.

"Oh no, Madame," replies the Lieutenant. "This is not the time for it. If I must tell you the truth, it is only a drinking-song I have been trying to remember of a young Englishman who was at Bonn with me; and Mademoiselle was so good this morning as to alter some of the words. But now?—a drinking-song in this fine, quiet country?—No. After we have got to Kidderminster, and when we drive away after lunch, then Mademoiselle will play for you the air I did show to her, and I will sing you the song. All what is needed is that you drink some Rhine wine at Kidderminster to make you like the song."

"Kidderminster Rhine wine!" exclaims one of the party, with a groan. He knows that whatever is suggested now by the Lieutenant finds favour with a clear majority of the party.

"That was a very good young fellow," continues the Lieutenant, as we drive over a high slope, and come in view of a mass of manufactories. "Very big and strong he was; we did call him *der grosse Engländer* always; and one time, in the winter, when there was much snow, we had a supper-party at his room. We had many duels then, for we were only boys, but the Englishman was not supposed to be challenged, for he knew nothing of our swords, but he was always ready to fight with his fists for all that. And this evening, I am afraid we did drink too much beer, and young Schweitzer of Magdeburg—he died at Königsgätz, the unfortunate, in '66—he was very angry with the Engländer for laughing at his sweetheart, who was but a young lady in a school there. And he challenged the Englishman, and went up to him, and said he would not go away until there was a fight; and do you know what your countryman did? He lifted Schweitzer up in his arms, like a baby,

and carried him down the stairs, and opened the door, and put him in the snow outside, very gently. There was so much laughing over that, that we all said it was very good; and Schweitzer was grown sober by the cool of the snow; and he laughed too, and I think they swore *brüderschaft* about it afterwards. Oh, he was a very clever fellow, your countryman, and had more delight in our songs than any German I ever knew. But you know how that is?"

Madame said it was no wonder anyone should be in love with the German songs; but the Lieutenant shook his head.

"That is not it at all: no. This is it—that when you know only a little of a language, you do not know what is commonplace in it. The simple phrase which is commonplace to others is all full of meaning to you. So I find it with your English. You would laugh if I told you that I find much meaning in poetry that you think only good for children, and in old-fashioned writing, which looks affected now. Because, Madame, is it not true that all commonplace phrases meant some new thing at one time? It is only my ignorance that I do not know they have grown old and worth little. Now the evening at Twickenham I did hear you go over the names of old-fashionable English songs, and much fun was made of the poetry. But to me, that was very good—a great deal of it—because nothing in English is to me commonplace as yet."

"How fortunate you must be," says one of us, with a sigh.

"You laugh when you say, '*Flow on, thou shining river!*' Why? The river flows: and it shines. I see a clear picture out of the words—like the man who wrote them; I am not accustomed to them so as to think them stupid. Then I saw you laugh when some one said, '*I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.*' I did read that song; and although it is stupid that the man thinks he will live in marble halls, I found much tenderness in it. So with this young Englishman. He knew nothing of what was commonplace in our

language. If you gave him children's rhymes, he looked at the meaning; and judged it all by that. And when we showed him stiff, artificial verses of old times, he seemed to go back to the time when they were written, and believe much in them, and like them. That is a very good thing in ignorance, I think—when you know not much of a language, and every word has much meaning in it, and there is no commonplace anywhere."

This lecture of the Lieutenant took us into Kidderminster. What married man is not familiar with this name—held up to him as an awful threat in reply to his grumblings about the price of Turkey and Brussels carpets? As we drove in to the busy town, signs of the prevailing manufacture were everywhere apparent in the large red-brick factories. We put up at the "Lion," and while Von Rosen went off to buy himself a new pair of boots, we went for a stroll up to the interesting old church, the fine brasses and marble monuments of which have drawn many a stranger to the spot. Then we climbed to the top of the tower, and from the zinc roof thereof had a spacious view over the level and wooded country, which was deeply streaked by hands of purple, where the clouds threw their shadows. Far below us lay the red, busy, smoky town set amid green fields; while the small river ran through it like a black snake, for the bed had been drained, and in the dark mud a multitude of boys could be seen wading, scooping about for eels. When we descended, Von Rosen had got his boots, and was prowling about the churchyard, reading the curious inscriptions there. One of them informed the world of the person laid beneath that, "added to the character of a Gentleman, his actions were coeval with his Integrity, Hospitality, and Benevolence." But our amiable guide, who had pointed out to us all the wonderful features of Kidderminster and its neighbourhood, evidently looked on one particular gravestone as the chief curiosity of the place; for this, he informed us, was placed over a man who had prepared the vault and

the inscription ten years before his death. Here is the legend:—

"To the Memory of  
JOHN ORTON,

A MAN FROM LEICESTERSHIRE,  
And when he is dead he must lie under  
HERE."

The man from Leicestershire was not "alone among mortals" in anticipating his end in this fashion; but no matter. A man may well be allowed to humour himself in the way of a tombstone; it is the last favour he can ask from the world.

"Now," said the Lieutenant, as we drove away from this manufacturing town into the fresh country again, "shall I sing you the song which the young Englishman used to sing for us; or shall we wait until the evening?"

"Now, by all means," said Bell; "and if you will be so good as to give me out the guitar, I will try to play you an accompaniment."

"A guitar accompaniment to a drinking song!" says Titania.

"Oh, but this is not a drinking-song, exactly, Madame—it is a very moral song; and we shall discuss each verse as it goes along, and you will make alterations of it."

So he got out the guitar. We were now far away from any houses—all around us great woods, that lay dark and green under a clouded afternoon sky. The road was very hilly; and sometimes, from the summit of a great height, we caught a glimpse of a long western stretch of country, lying blue and misty under the grey sky. Behind us Kidderminster looked like a dusky red splotch in a plain of green; and all around it the meadows and fields were low and intense in colour. But then in the west we could see an occasional glimpse of yellow in the pall of cloud; and we hoped the sunset would break through the veil.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Lieutenant, "the song I am about to sing to you—"

Here Bell began to play a light prelude; and without further introduction our Uhlan startled the silence of the

woods and fields by singing, in a profound and melancholy voice, the first two verses of the ballad composed by the young Englishman at Bonn, which ran somewhat as follows:—

"Oh, Burgundy isn't a good thing to drink,  
Young man, I beseech you, consider and think,

Or else in your nose, and likewise in your toes,

You'll discover the colour of Burgundy rose:  
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,  
A dangerous symptom is Burgundy rose.

"'Tis a very nice wine, and as mellow as milk,  
'Tis a very nice colour, in satin or silk;  
But you'll change your opinion as soon as it shows

In a halo around the extreme of your nose:  
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,  
Is a very bad thing at the tip of your toes."

"Well, Madame, how do you like it so far as we have got?" says the Lieutenant, as Bell is extemporising a somewhat wild variation of the air.

"I think your young English friend gave you very good advice; and I have no doubt the students needed it very much."

"But you shall hear what he says; he was not a teetotaler at all."

And therewith the Lieutenant continued:—

"If tippie you must, in beer, spirits, or wine,  
There are wholesome vintages hail from the Rhine;

And, take the advice of a fellow who knows,  
Hochheimer's as gentle as any that goes—  
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,  
Doth never appear from the wine I propose.

"Oh, Burgundy isn't a good thing to drink,  
Young man, I beseech you, consider and think,

Or else in your nose, and likewise in your toes,

You'll discover the colour of Burgundy rose:  
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,  
A fatal affliction is Burgundy rose!"

"Oh, you two scapegraces!" cried Queen Titania. "I know now why you were laying your heads together this morning, and poring over that sheet of paper; you were engaged in perverting an honest and well-intentioned song into a recommendation of German wines. I am sure that third verse is not in the



original. I am certain the young English student never wrote it. It was written in Worcester this very morning ; and I call on you to produce the original, so that we may cut out this very bad moral that has been introduced."

"The original, Madame?" said the Lieutenant, gravely. "There is no original. I have repeated it most from memory—as he used to sing it at Bonn—and I put it down on paper only that Mademoiselle might correct me about the words. No—I have put in no moral. You think your countryman did not like the Rhine wines? Pfui!—you should have seen him drink them then, if he did not like them! And the very dear ones, too, for he had plenty of money; and we poor devils of the Germans used to be astonished at his extravagance, and sometimes he was called 'milord' for a joke. When we did go to his room to the supper-parties, we could not believe that any young man not come of age should have so much money given to him by his parents. But it did not spoil him one bit; he was as good, frank, careless as any man, and when he did get to know the language better he worked hard, and had such notes of the lectures as not anyone, I think, in the whole university had."

A strange thing now occurred. We were driving along level and wooded lanes, running parallel with the Severn. The small hamlets we passed, merely two or three houses smothered in elms, are appropriately named greens—Fen Green, Dodd's Green, Bard's Green, and the like; and on either side of us were lush meadows, with the cattle standing deep in the grass. Now all at once that long bar of glimmering yellow across the western clouds burst asunder; and at the same moment a glare of light shone along the southern sky, where there was evidently abundant rain. We had no sooner turned to look at this flood of golden mist, than all around us there was a stir in the hedges and the tall elms by the roadside—we were enveloped in sunshine; with it came a quick pattering on the leaves; and

then we found the air glittering with white drops and slanting streaks. In the wild glare of the sunlight the shower shone and sparkled around us, and the heavier it fell—until the sound of it was like the hissing of the sea on a pebbly beach—the more magical grew the effects of the mingled light and wet. Nor was it a passing shower merely. The air was still filled with the gleaming lines of the rain, the sunlight still shone mistily through it and lit up the green meadows and the trees with a wonderful radiance, as we wrapt cloaks round our companions and drove leisurely on. It was impossible to think that this luminous rain could wet us like ordinary rain. But by and by it drew itself off; and then Bell, with a sudden little cry, besought the Lieutenant to pull up the horses.

Had we driven under a cloud, and escaped at the other edge? Close behind us there was still mingled rain and sunlight; but beyond that again the sky was heaped up with immense dark blue masses. A rainbow shone in front of this black background. A puff of white cloud ran across the darkness, telling of contrary winds. And then when we turned from this gleaming and glowing picture to continue our course, lo! all the west had cleared, and a great dim smoke of yellow lay over the land, where the sky came down.

"It is like the sea, is it not?" said Bell, rising up in the phaeton and steadying herself to look into this distant world of gold. "Don't you expect to find the masts of ships and sea-birds flying about out there?"

And then in the cool and fresh evening, with the dusk coming on, we drove up the valley of the Severn, by Quatford and Quatford, towards our resting-place for the night. As we passed by Quatford Castle, the river, lying amid the dark meadows, had caught a glow of crimson fire from the last reflection of the sunset. A blue mist lay about the sides of the abrupt hill on which the town of Bridgenorth is pitched; but as

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we wound round the hill to gain the easiest ascent, we came again into the clear, metallic glow of the west. It was a hard pull on the horses, just at the end of their day's work, was this steep and circuitous ascent; but at length we got into the rough streets of the old town, and in the fading twilight sought out the yellow and comfortable glow of the Crown Hotel.

We had got in passing a vague glimpse of a wide space around an old town-house, with a small crowd of people collecting. They had come to hear the playing of a Volunteer band. Therefore, as we sat down to dinner, we had some very good music being played to us from without; and when at last it was gone, and the quaint old town on the top of the hill left to its ordinary silence, we found it was time to light our cigars and open the bézique-box.

Probably no one noticed it; but it is a curious circumstance that Bell had apparently forgotten all about her determination to write to Arthur. There was no shadow of a cloud on her face, and she enjoyed the winning of various games—assisted thereto by the obvious ministrations of the Lieutenant—with as much delight and careless amusement as though there was not anywhere in the world a young man sitting in his solitary chamber and wishing that he had never been born. But it was certainly not hard-heartedness that gave to Bell the enjoyment of that one evening.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

*"But (trust me, gentles!) never yet  
Was dight a masquing half so neat,  
Or half so rich before;  
The country lent the sweet perfumes,  
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,  
The town its silken store."*

THE Lieutenant was pensive. He and I had gone out for a turn before breakfast, and wandered on to the high promenade which, skirting one portion of the lofty town, looked down on the valley of the Severn, the huddled houses underneath

the rocky height, and the bridge spanning the stream. It was a bright and cool morning; and the landscape that lay around was shining in the sun.

"England," he said, leaning his arms on the stone parapet of the walk, "is a very pleasant country to live in, I think."

I thanked him for the compliment.

"You are very free in your actions here: you do what you please. Only consider how you are at this moment."

But I had to protest against our young Prussian friend continually regarding this excursion as the normal condition of our existence. I showed him that we were not always enjoying ourselves in this fashion; that a good deal of hard work filled the long interval of the winter months; and that even Bell—whom he had grown to regard as a sort of feature of English scenery—a wild bird for ever on the wing through sunlight and green leaves—worked as hard as any of us.

"It is pleasant to be able to play dexterously on the piano, or the guitar, or what not, but that accomplishment means imprisonment with hard labour stretching over years. It is very nice to be able to put on a sheet of paper, with a few rapid touches, the outlines of a scene which delights you, and to find yourself able to reproduce this afterwards in water or oil, and have it publicly exhibited and sold; but do you know how much work it involves? Bell is a most untiring young woman, I promise you, and not likely to fall asleep in counting her fingers."

"Oh, I am sure of that," he said, absently. "She has too much spirit, too much life, to be indolent. But I was thinking—I was thinking whether, if a man was to change his country, he would choose England out of all the other countries to live in. Here it is. Your people in England who only enjoy themselves must be very rich, must they not? Is it a good country, I wonder, for a man who would have about 800*l.* a year?"

"Not without some occupation. But why do you ask?"

He only stared at the bushes down

below us on the rocks, and at the river far below them.

"What would you say," he asked, suddenly, "if I were to come and live in England, and become naturalized, and never go back to my native country again?"

"And give up your profession, with all its interest and excitement?"

He was silent for a minute or two; and then he said—

"I have done more than the service that is expected from every man in Prussia; and I do not think my country goes to war for many years to come. About the excitement of a campaign and the going into battle—well, there is much mistake about that. You are not always in enthusiasm; the long marches, the wet days, the waiting for months in one place—there is nothing heroic in that. And when you do come to the battle itself—come, my dear friend, I will tell you something about that."

He seemed to wake up then. He rose from his recumbent position and took a look round the shining country that lay along the valley of the Severn.

"All the morning before the battle," said the Lieutenant, "you have great gloom; and it seems as if the day is dark overhead. But this is strange—that you think you can see very far, and you can see all your friends in Germany, and think you could almost speak to them. You expect to go forward to meet the enemy; and you hate him that he is waiting for you upon some of the hills or behind his entrenchments. Then the hurry comes of getting on horseback; and you are very friendly to all your companions—and they are all very pleasant and laughing at this time, except one or two, who are thinking of their home. Your regiment is ordered forward: you do not know what to think: perhaps you wish the enemy would run away, or that your regiment is not needed, and sometimes you have a great wish of anger towards him; but all this is shifting, gloomy, uncertain, that you do not think two things one moment. Then you hear the sound of the firing, and your heart beats fast for a

little while, and you think of all your friends in Germany; and this is the time that is the worst. You are angry with all the men who provoke wars in their courts and parliaments; and you think it is a shame you should be there to fight for them; and you look at the pleasant things you are leaving all behind in your own home, just as if you were never to see them any more. That is a very wretched and miserable time, but it does not last very long if you are ordered to advance; and then, my dear friend, I can assure you that you do not care one farthing for your own life—that you forget your home altogether, and you think no more of your friends; you do not even hate the enemy in front any more—it is all a stir, and life, and eagerness; and a warm, glad feeling runs all through your veins, and when the great 'hurrah' comes, and you ride forward, you think no more of yourself; you say to yourself, 'Here is for my good Fatherland!'—and then——"

A sort of sob stuck in the throat of the big Lieutenant.

"Bah!" said he, with a frown, as if the bright morning and the fresh air had done him an injury, "what is the use of waiting out here, and killing ourselves with hunger?"

Bell was writing when we went into the hotel. As we entered she hastily shut up her small portfolio.

"Why not finish your letter, Mademoiselle?" he said, gently. "It will be a little time before breakfast comes in."

"I can finish it afterwards," said the girl, looking rather embarrassed.

Of course, when the Lieutenant perceived that the attention thus drawn to the letter had caused her some confusion, he immediately rushed into another subject, and said to Queen Titania, with a fine affectation of carelessness—

"You will laugh, Madame, at our having yet another adventure in a stationer's shop."

"I think," said my Lady, gravely, "that I must put a stop to these wanderings about in the early morning. I cannot quite make out why you should always get up hours before anybody

else; story lady.

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else; but I find that generally some story is revealed afterwards of a young lady."

"But there is no young lady this time," said the Lieutenant, "but a very worthy man whom we found in the stationer's shop. And he has been at Sedan, and he has brought back the breech of a mitrailleuse and showed it all to us, and he has written a small book about his being in France, and did present us with a copy of it, and would not take any payment for it. Oh, he is a very remarkable and intelligent man to be found in a stationer's shop up in this curious old town on the top of a hill; but then I discovered he is a Scotchman, and do you not say here that a Scotchman is a great traveller, and is to be found everywhere? And I have looked into the little book, and I think it very sensible and good, and a true account of what he has seen."

"Then I presume he extols your countrymen?" says my Lady, with a smile.

"Madame," replies the Lieutenant, "I may assure you of this, that a man who has been in a campaign and seen both the armies, does not think either army an army of angels, and the other an army of demons. To believe one nation to have all the good, and another nation to have all the bad, that can only be believed by people who have seen none of them. I think my friend the stationer has written so much of what he saw, that he had no time for stupid imaginations about the character of two whole countries."

At this moment the introduction of breakfast broke our talk in this direction. After breakfast Bell finished her letter. She asked the Lieutenant to get it stamped and posted for her, and handed it openly to him. But, without looking at it, he must have known that it was addressed to "Arthur Ashburton, Esq., Essex Court, Temple."

"Well," said Bell, coming downstairs with her hat on, "let us go out now, and see the town. It must be a very pleasant old place. And the day is so fine;—don't you think we have

had quite exceptional weather hitherto, Count von Rosen?"

Of course he said the weather had been lovely; but how was it that Bell was so sure beforehand that she would be pleased with Bridgenorth? The delight was already in her face, and beaming in her eyes. She knew the weather must be fine. She was certain we should have a delicious drive during the day, and was positive the country through which we had to pass would be charming. The observant reader will remark that a certain letter had been posted.

Really, Bridgenorth was pleasant enough on this bright morning, albeit the streets on the river-side part of the town were distinctly narrow, dirty, and smoky. First of all, however, we visited the crumbling walls of Robert de Belesme's mighty tower. Then we took the women round the high promenade over the valley. Then we went down through a curious and precipitous passage hewn out of the sandstone hill to the lower part of the town, and visited the old building in which Bishop Percy was born, the inscription<sup>1</sup> on which, by the way, is a standing testimony to the playful manner in which this nation has from time immemorial dealt with its aspirates. Then we clambered up the steep streets again until we reached the great central square, with its quaint town-house and old-fashioned shops. A few minutes thereafter we were in the phaeton; and Castor and Pollux taking us into the open country again.

"Mademoiselle!" said the Lieutenant—the young man was like a mavis, with this desire of his to sing or hear singing just after his morning meal—"you have not sung to us anything for a long while now."

"But I will this morning, with great pleasure," said Bell.

<sup>1</sup> The inscription inside the door of this old-fashioned building, which is ornamented by bars of black and white, and peaked gables, is as follows:—

"Except the Lord BULD THE OWSE  
The Labourers thereof evail nothing  
Erected by R For \* 1580."

"Then," said Von Rosen, "here is your guitar. When I saw you come down to go out this morning, I said to myself, 'Mademoiselle is sure to sing to-day.' So I kept out the guitar-case."

The horses pricked up their ears. The cords of the guitar twanged out a few notes. The fresh breeze blew by from the fields; and as we drove through the stillness of one or two straggling woods, Bell sang—

"If enemies oppose us,  
And England is at war  
With any foreign nation,  
We fear not wound nor scar!  
To humble them, come on, lads!  
Their flags we'll soon lay low;  
Clear the way, for the fray:  
Though the stormy winds do blow!"

"Mademoiselle," cries the Lieutenant, "it is a challenge."

Bell laughed, and suddenly altered the key.

"Fair Hebe I left with a cautious design"—  
this was what she sang now—

"To escape from her charms and to drown  
love in wine;  
I tried it, but found, when I came to depart,  
The wine in my head, but still love in my heart."

"Well," said Tita, with an air of astonishment, "that is a pretty song for a young lady to sing!"

Bell laid down the guitar.

"And what," I ask of Queen Titania, "are the sentiments of which alone a young lady may sing? Not patriotism? Not love? Not despair? Goodness gracious! Don't you remember what old Joe Blatchers said when he brought us word that some woman in his neighbourhood had committed suicide?"

"What did he say?" asked the Lieutenant with a great curiosity.

"The wretched woman had drowned herself because her husband had died; and old Joe brought us the story with the serious remark, '*The ladies' as their feelins, 'asn't they, sir, arter' all?*' Mayn't a young lady sing of anything but the joy of decorating a church on Christmas Eve?"

"I have never been taught to per-

ceive the humour of profanity," says my Lady, with a serene impassiveness.

"Curious, if true. Perhaps you were never taught that a white elephant isn't the same as a rainbow or a pack of cards?"

"My dear," says Tita, turning to Bell, "what is that French song that you brought over with you from Dieppe?"

Thus appealed to, Bell took up her guitar, and sang for us a very pretty song. It was not exactly French, to be sure. It began—

"'Twas frost and thro' leet, wid a greyming  
o' snaw,  
When I went to see Biddy, the flow'r o'  
them aw;  
To meet was agreed on at Seymy' deyme  
nuik,  
Where I sauntered wi' mony a seegh and  
lang luik."

But good honest Cumbrian is quite as foreign to most of us as French; and no exception could be taken to the sentiment of Bell's ballad, for none of us could understand six consecutive words of it.

Much-Wenlock is a quiet town. It is about as quiet as the spacious and grassy enclosure in which the magnificent ruins of its old monastery stand grey and black in the sunshine. There are many strange passages and courts in these noble ruins; and as you wander through broken arches, and over courtyards half hid in the long green grass, it is but natural that a preference for solitude should betray itself in one or other of the members of a noisy little party. We lost sight of Bell and the Lieutenant. There was a peacock strutting through the grass, and making his resplendent tail gleam in the sunshine; and they followed him, I think. When we came upon them again, Bell was seated on a bit of tumbled pillar, pulling daisies out of the sward and plaiting them; and the Lieutenant was standing by her side, talking to her in a low voice. It was no business of ours to interfere with this pastoral occupation. Doubtless he spoke in these low tones because of the great silence of the place.

We left them there, and had another saunter before we returned. We were almost sorry to disturb them; for they made a pretty group, these two young folks, talking leisurely to each other under the solemn magnificence of the great grey ruins, while the sunlight that lit up the ivy on the walls, and threw black shadows under the arches of the crumbling windows, and lay warm on the long grass around them, touched Bell's cheek too, and glimmered down one side of the loose and splendid masses of her hair.

Castor and Pollux were not allowed much time for lunch; for, as the young people had determined to go to the theatre on reaching Shrewsbury, their elders, warned by a long experience, knew that the best preparation for going to a country theatre is to dine before setting out. My Lady did not anticipate much enjoyment; but Bell was positive we should be surprised.

"We have been out in the country so much—seeing so much of the sunlight and the green trees, and living at those little inns—that we ought to have a country theatre as well. Who knows but that we may have left all our London ideas of a play in London; and find ourselves quite delighted with the simple folk who are always uttering good sentiments, and quite enraged with the bad man who is wishing them ill. I think Count von Rosen was quite right——"

Of course Count von Rosen was quite right!

"—— about commonplace things only having become commonplace through our familiarity with them," continued Miss Bell; "perhaps we may find ourselves going back a bit, and being as much impressed by a country drama as any of the farmer-folk who do not see half-a-dozen plays in their life. And then, you know, what a big background we shall have! —not the walls of the little theatre, but all the great landscape we have been coming through. Round about us we shall see the Severn, and the long woods, and Broadway Hill——"

"And not forgetting Bourton Hill," says the Lieutenant. "If only they do give us a good moonlight scene like that, we shall be satisfied."

"Oh no," said Bell gravely—she was evidently launching into one of her unconscious flights, for her eyes took no more notice of us, but were looking wistfully at the pleasant country around us—"that is asking far too much. It is easier for you to make the moonlight scene than for the manager. You have only to imagine it is there—shut your eyes a little bit, and fancy you hear the people on the stage talking in a real scene, with the real country around, and the real moonlight in the air. And then you grow to believe in the people—and you forget that they are only actors and actresses working for their salaries—and you think it is a true story, like the stories they tell up in Westmoreland of things that have happened in the villages years ago. That is one of the great pleasures of driving, is it not?—that it gives you a sense of wide space. There is a great deal of air and sky about it; and you have a pleasant and easy way of getting through it, as if you were really sailing; whereas the railway whisks you through the long intervals, and makes your journey a succession of dots. That is an unnatural way of travelling, that staccato method of——"

Here Mademoiselle caught sight of Queen Tita gravely smiling, and immediately paused to find out what she had been saying.

"Well?" she said, expecting to be corrected or reproved, and calmly resolved to bear the worst.

But how could Tita explain? She had been amused by the manner in which the young lady had unconsciously caught up a trick of the Lieutenant's in the construction of his sentences—the use of "that" as the introductory nominative, the noun coming in afterwards. For the moment the subject dropped, in the excitement of our getting once more back to the Severn; and when Bell spoke next, it was to ask the Lieutenant whether the Wrekin—a

solitary, abrupt, and conical hill on our right, which was densely wooded to the top—did not in a milder form reproduce the odd masses of rock that stud the great plain west of the Lake of Constance.

A pleasant drive through a fine stretch of open country took us into Shrewsbury; and here, having got over the bridge and up the steep thoroughfares to our hotel, dinner was immediately ordered. When at length we made our way round to the theatre it was about half-past seven, and the performance was to commence at twenty minutes to eight.

"Oh, Bell!" says my Lady, as we enter the building. She looks blankly round. From the front of the dress circle we are peering into a great hollow place, dimly lighted by ten lamps, each of one burner, that throw a sepulchral light on long rows of wooden benches, on a sad-coloured curtain and an empty orchestra. How is all the force of Bell's imagination to drive off these walls and this depressing array of carpentry, and substitute for them a stage of greensward and walls composed of the illimitable sky? There is an odour of escaped gas, and of oranges; but when did any people ever muster up enough of gaiety to eat an orange in this gloomy hall?

7.30, by Shrewsbury clock.—An old gentleman and a boy appear in the orchestra. The former is possessed of a bass-viol; the latter proceeds to tune up a violin.

7.40—which is the time for commencing the play—three ladies come into the pit. The first is a farmer's wife, fat, ostentatious, happy in a black silk that rustles; the two others are apparently friends of hers in the town, who follow her meekly, and take their seats with a frightened air. She sits down with a proud gesture; and this causes a thin crackle of laughter and a rude remark far up in the semi-darkness overhead, so that we gather that there are probably two persons in the upper gallery.

7.45.—Two young ladies—perhaps shop-girls, but their extreme blushing gives them a countrified look—come

into the pit, talk in excited whispers to each other, and sit down with an uncomfortable air of embarrassment. At this moment the orchestra startles us by dashing into a waltz from "*Faust*." There are now five men and a boy in this tuneful choir. One of them starts vigorously on the cornet; but invariably fails to get beyond the first few notes, so that the flute beats him hollow. Again and again the cornet strikes in at the easy parts; but directly he subsides again, and the flute has it all his own way. The music ceases. The curtain is drawn up. The play has begun.

The first act is introductory. There is a farmer, whose chief business it is to announce that "his will is law;" and he has a son, addressed throughout as Weelyam, whom he wishes to marry a particular girl. The son, of course, has married another. The villain appears, and takes us into his confidence; giving us to understand that a worse villain never trod the earth. He has an interview with the farmer; but this is suddenly broken off—a whistle in some part of the theatre is heard, and we are conveyed to an Italian lake, all shining with yellow villas and blue skies.

"That is the problem stated," said the Lieutenant; "now we shall have the solution. But do you find the walls going away yet, Mademoiselle?"

"I think it is very amusing," said Bell, with a bright look on her face. Indeed, if she had not brought in with her sufficient influence from the country to resolve the theatre into thin air, she had imbibed a vast quantity of good health and spirits there, so that she was prepared to enjoy anything.

The plot thickens. The woman-villain appears—a lady dressed in deep black, who tells us in an awful voice that she was the mistress of Weelyam in France—that being the country naturally associated in the mind of the dramatist with crimes of this character. She is in a pretty state when she learns that Weelyam is married; and events are plainly marching on to a crisis. It comes. The marriage is revealed to the farmer, who delivers a telling curse,



which is apparently launched at the upper gallery, but which is really meant to confound Weelyam; then the old man falls—there is a tableau—the curtain comes down, and the band, by some odd stroke of luck, plays “Home, sweet home,” as an air descriptive of Weelyam’s banishment.

We become objects of curiosity, now that the adventures of the farmer’s son are removed. There are twenty-one people in the pit—representing conjointly a solid guinea transferred to the treasury. One or two gay young men, with canes, and their hats much on the side of their heads, have entered the dress-circle, stared for a minute or two at the stage, and retired.

They are probably familiar with rustic drama, and hold it in contempt. A good ballet, now, would be more in their way, performed by a *troupe* of young ladies whose names are curiously like English names, with imposing French and Italian terminations. A gentleman comes into the pit along with a friend, nods familiarly to the attendant, deposits his friend, utters a few facetious remarks, and leaves: can it be that he is a reporter of a local newspaper, dowered with the privilege of free admission for “himself and one?” There must at least be three persons in the upper gallery, for a new voice is heard, calling out the graceful but not unfamiliar name of “Polly.” One of the two rose-red maidens in front of us timidly looks up, and is greeted with a shout of recognition and laughter. She drops into her old position in a second, and hangs down her head; while her companion protests in an indignant way in order to comfort her. The curtain rises.

The amount of villany in this Shrewsbury drama is really getting beyond a joke. We are gradually rising in the scale of dark deeds, until the third villain, who now appears, causes the previous two to be regarded as innocent lambs. This new performer of crime is a highwayman; and his very first act is to shoot Weelyam’s father, and rob him of his money. But lo! the French adventuress drops from the clouds: the

highwayman is her husband: she tells of her awful deeds, among them of her having murdered “her mistress the Archduchess;” and then, as she vows she will go and murder Weelyam, a tremendous conflict of everybody ensues, and a new scene being run on, we are suddenly whirled up to Balmoral Castle.

“I am beginning to be very anxious about the good people,” remarked Tita. “I am afraid William will be killed.”

“Unless he has as many lives as Plutarch, he can’t escape,” said Bell.

“As for the old farmer,” observed the Lieutenant, “he survives apoplectic fits and pistol-shots very well—oh, very well indeed. He is a very good man in a play. He is sure to last to the end.”

Well, we were near the end; and author, carpenter, and scene-painter had done their dead best to render the final scene impressive. It was in a cavern. Cimmerian darkness prevailed. The awful lady in black haunts the gloomy byways of the rocks, communing with herself, and twisting her arms so that the greatest agony is made visible. But what is this hooded and trembling figure that approaches? Once in the cavern, the hood is thrown off, and the palpitating heroine comes forward for a second to the low footlights, merely that there shall be no mistake about her identity. The gloom deepens. The young and innocent wife encounters the French adventuress; the woman who did not scruple to murder her mistress the Archduchess seizes the girl by her hands—shrieks are heard—the two figures twist round one another—then a mocking shout of laughter, and Weelyam’s wife is precipitated into the hideous waters of the lake! But lo! the tread of innumerable feet; from all quarters of the habitable globe stray wanderers arrive: with a shout Weelyam leaps into the lake, and when it is discovered that he has saved his wife, behold! everybody in the play is found to be around him, and with weeping and with laughter all the story is told, and the drama ends in the most triumphant and comfortable manner, in the middle of

the night, in a cavern, a hundred miles from anywhere.

"No," said Queen Titania, distinctly, "I will not stay to see *La Champagne Ballet* or the *Pas de Fascination*."

So there was nothing for it but to take the ungrateful creature back to the hotel, and give her tea and a novel. As for the billiard-room in that hotel, it is one of the best between Holborn and the Canongate. The Lieutenant begs to add, that he can recommend the beer.

## CHAPTER XV.

### "LA PATRIE EN DANGER."

*"Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres,  
I find a magic bark;  
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:  
I float till all is dark."*

I sit down to write this chapter with a determination to be generous, calm, and modest in the last degree. The man who would triumph over the wife of his bosom merely to have the pleasure of saying "I told you so," does not deserve to have his path through life sweetened by any such tender companionship. Far be it from me to recall the protestations which my Lady affixed to the first portion of this narrative on its publication. Not for worlds would I inquire into her motives for being so anxious to see Arthur go. The ways of a woman ought to be intricate, occult, perplexing, if only to preserve something of the mystery of life around her, and to serve her, also, as a refuge from the coarse and rude logic of the actual world. The foolish person who, to prove himself right, would drive his wife into a corner, and demonstrate to her that she was wrong—that she had been guilty of small prevarications, of trifling bits of hypocrisy, and of the use of various arts to conceal her real belief and definite purpose—the man who would thus wound the gentle spirit by his side to secure the petty gratification of proving himself to have been something of a twopenny-half-penny prophet;—but these remarks are

premature at the present moment, and I go on to narrate the events which happened on the day of our leaving Shrewsbury, and getting into the solitary region of the meres.

"I have received a telegram from Arthur," says Bell, calmly; and the pink sheet is lying on the breakfast-table before her.

"How did you get it?" says my Lady, with some surprise.

"At the post-office."

"Then you have been out?"

"Yes, we went for a short walk, after having waited for you," says Bell, looking down.

"Oh, Madame," says the Lieutenant, coming forward from the fireplace, "you must not go away from the town without seeing it well. It is handsome, and the tall poplars down by the side of the river, they are worth going to see by themselves."

"It was very pretty this morning," continued Bell, "when the wind was blowing about the light blue smoke, and the sun was shining down on the slates and the clumps of trees. We went to a height on the other side of the river, and I have made a sketch of it——"

"Pray," says my Lady, regarding our ward severely, "when did you go out this morning?"

"Perhaps about an hour and a half ago," replies Bell carelessly; "I don't exactly know."

"More than that, I think," says the Lieutenant, "for I did smoke two cigars before we came back. It is much to our credit to get up so early, and not anything to be blamed of."

"I am glad Bell is improving in that respect," retorts my Lady, with a wicked smile; and then she adds, "Well?"

"He has started," is the reply to that question.

"And is going by another route?"

"Yes: in a dog-cart—by himself. Don't you think it is very foolish of him, Tita? You know what accidents occur with those dog-carts."

"Mademoiselle, do not alarm yourself," says the Lieutenant, folding up

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his newspaper. "It is quite true what Madame said yesterday, that there are so many accidents in driving, and so very seldom anyone hurt. You ask your friends—yes, they have all had accidents in their riding and driving; they have all been in great danger, but what have they suffered?—Nothing! Sometimes a man is killed—yes, one out of several millions in the year. And if he tumbles over—which is likely if he does not know much of horses and driving—what then? No, there is no fear; we shall see him some day very well, and go on all together!"

"Oh, shall we?" says my Lady, evidently regarding this as a new idea.

"Certainly. Do you think he goes that way always? Impossible. He will tire of it. He will study the roads across to meet us. He will overtake us with his light little dog-cart; we shall have his company along the road."

Tita did not at all look so well satisfied with this prospect of meeting an old friend as she might have done.

"And when are you to hear from him next?" I inquire of Mademoiselle.

"He will either write or telegraph to each of the big towns along our route, on the chance of the message intercepting us somewhere; and so we shall know where he is."

"And he has really started?"

Bell placed the telegram in my hands. It was as follows:—

*"Have set out by Hatfield, Huntingdon, and York, for Edinburgh. Shall follow the real old coach-road to Scotland; and am certain to find much entertainment."*

"For man and beast," struck in the Lieutenant. "And I know of a friend of mine travelling in your country who went into one of these small inns, and put up his horse, and when they brought him in his luncheon to the parlour, he only looked at it and said, 'Very good, waiter; this is very nice; but where is the entertainment for the man?'"

I continued to read the telegram aloud—

*"Shall probably be in Edinburgh before you; but will telegraph or write to each big town along your route, that you may let me know where you are."*

"It is very obliging," says the Lieutenant, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"It is quite certain," observes my Lady, with decision, "that he must not accompany us in his dog-cart; for we shall arrive at plenty of inns where they could not possibly put up three horses and so many people."

"It would have been so," said the Lieutenant, "at the place on the top of the hill—Bourton was it called?"

The mere notion of Arthur coming in to spoil the enjoyment of that rare evening was so distressing, that we all took refuge in breakfast, after which we went for a long and leisurely stroll through Shrewsbury; and then had Castor and Pollux put into the phaeton. It seemed now to us to matter little at what town we stayed. We had almost begun to forget the various points of the journey. It was enough that some hospitable place—whether it were city, town, or hamlet—afforded us shelter for the night, that on the next morning we could issue forth again into the sweet-smelling country air, and have all the fair green world to ourselves. We looked with a lenient eye upon the great habitations of men. What if a trifle of coal-smoke hung about the house-tops, and that the streets were not quite so clean as they might be? We suffered little from these inconveniences. They only made us rejoice the more to get out into the leafy lanes, where the air was fresh with the scent of the bean-fields and the half-dried hay. And when a town happened to be picturesque—and it was our good fortune to find a considerable number of handsome cities along our line of route—and combined with its steep streets, its old-fashioned houses, and its winding river and banks, a fair proportion of elms and poplars scattered about in clumps to mar the monotony of the grey fronts and the blue slates, we paid such a tribute of admiration as could only be obtained from people who knew they would soon be emanci-

pated from the din and clamour, the odour and the squalor, of thoroughfares and pavements.

Bell, sitting very erect, and holding the whip and reins in the most accurate and scientific fashion, was driving us leisurely up the level and pleasant road leading from Shrewsbury to Ellesmere. The country was now more open and less hilly than that through which we had recently come. Occasionally, as in the neighbourhood of Harmer Hill, we drove by long woods; but for the most part our route lay between spacious meadows, fields, and farms, with the horizon around lying blue and dark under the distant sky. The morning had gradually become overcast, and the various greens of the landscape were darkened by the placid grey overhead. There was little wind, but a prevailing coolness that seemed to have something of premonitory moistness in it.

But how the birds sang under the silence of that cold grey sky! We seemed to hear all the sounds within a great compass, and these were exclusively the innumerable notes of various warblers—in the hedges, and in the roadside trees, far away in woods, or hidden up in the level greyiness of the clouds: *Tewi, tewi, tewi, trrrr-weet!*—*droom, droom, phloee!*—*tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, feer!*—that was the silvery chorus from thousands of throats, and, under the darkness of the grey sky, the leaves of the trees and the woods seemed to hang motionless in order to listen. Now and again Bell picked out the call of a thrush or a blackbird from the almost indistinguishable mass of melody; but it seemed to us that all the fields and the hedges had but one voice, and that it was clear, and sweet, and piercing, in the strange silence reigning over the land.

So we rolled along the unfrequented road, occasionally passing a wayside tavern, a farmhouse, or a cluster of cottages, until about noon we caught a glimpse of a stretch of grey water. On this lonely mere no boat was to be seen, nor any house on its banks, merely a bit of leaden-coloured water placed amid the

soft and low-lying woods. Then we caught the glimmer of another sheet of cold grey, and by and by, driving under and through an avenue of trees, we came full in sight of Ellesmere.

The small lake looked rather dismal just then. There was a slight stirring of wind on its surface, which destroyed the reflection of the woods along its shores, so that the water was pretty much the counterpart of the gloomy sky above. At this moment, too, the moisture in the air began to touch our faces, and everything portended a shower. Bell drove us past the mere and on to the small village, where Castor and Pollux were safely lodged in the stables of the "Bridgewater Arms."

We had got into shelter just in time. Down came the rain with a will; but we were unconcernedly having luncheon in a long apartment which the landlord had recently added on to his premises. Then we darted across the yard to the billiard-room, where Bell and my Lady having taken up lofty positions, in order to overlook the tournament, we proceeded to knock the balls about until the shower should cease.

The rain, however, showed no symptoms of leaving off, so we resolved to remain at Ellesmere that night, and the rest of the afternoon was spent in getting up arrears of correspondence and similar work. It was not until after dinner that it was found the rain-clouds had finally gathered themselves together, and then, when we went out for a stroll, in obedience to Bell's earnest prayer, the evening had drawn on apace.

The darkening waters of the lake were now surrounded by low clouds of white mist, that hung about the still and wet woods. From the surface of the mere, too, a faint vapour seemed to rise, so that the shores on the other side had grown dim and vague. The trees were still dropping large drops into the plashing road; runnels of water showed how heavy the rain had been; and it seemed as if the grey and ghostly plain of the lake were still stirred by the commotion of the showers.

The reflection of a small yacht out from the shore was blurred and indistinct; and underneath the wooded island beyond there only reigned a deeper gloom on the mere.

Of course, no reasonable person could have thought of going out in a boat on this damp evening; but Bell having expressed some wish of the kind, the Lieutenant forthwith declared we should soon have a boat, however late the hour. He dragged us through a wet garden to a house set amid trees by the side of the lake. He summoned a worthy woman, and overcame her wonder, and objections, and remonstrances, in about a couple of minutes. In a very short space of time we found ourselves in a massive and unwieldy punt, out in the middle of this grey sheet of water, with the chill darkness of night rapidly descending.

"We shall all have neuralgia, and rheumatism, and colds to-morrow," said my Lady, contentedly. "And all because of this mad girl, who thinks she can see ghosts wherever there is a little mist. Bell, do you remember——"

Tita stopped suddenly, and grasped my arm. A white something had suddenly borne down upon us, and not for a second or two did we recognize the fact that it was merely a swan, bent on a mission of curiosity. Far away beyond this solitary animal there now became visible a faint line of white, and we knew that there the members of his tribe were awaiting his report.

The two long oars plashed in the silence, we glided onwards through the cold mists, and the woods of the opposite shore were now coming near. How long we floated thus, through the gloomy vapours of the lake, I cannot tell. We were bent on no particular mission; and somehow the extreme silence was grateful to us. But what was this new light that was seen to be stealing up behind the trees, a faint glow that began to tell upon the sky, and reveal to us the conformation of the clouds? The mists of the lake deepened, but the sky lightened, and we could see breaks in it, long stripes

of a soft and pale yellow. The faint suffusion of yellow light seemed to lend a little warmth to the damp and chill atmosphere. Bell had not uttered a word. She had been watching this growing light with patient eyes, only turning at times to see how the island was becoming more distinct in the darkness. And then more and more rapidly the radiance spread up and over the south-east, the clouds got thinner and thinner, until all at once we saw the white glimmer of the disc of the moon leap into a long crevice in the dark sky. And lo! all the scene around us was changed; the mists were gradually dispersed and driven to the shores; the trees on the island became sharp, black bars against a flood of light; and on the dark bosom of the water lay a long lane of silver, intertwisting itself with millions of gleaming lines, and flashing on the ripples that went quivering back from the hull of our boat. We were floating on an enchanted lake, set far away amid these solitary woods.

"Every day, I think," said Bell, "we come to something more beautiful in this journey."

"Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, suddenly, "your country it has been too much for me; I have resolved to come to live here always, and in five years, if I choose it, I shall be able to be naturalized, and consider England as my own country."

The moonlight was touching softly at this moment the outline of Bell's face, but the rest of the face was in shadow, and we could not see what evidence of surprise was written there.

"You are not serious," she said.

"I am."

"And you mean to give up your country because you like the scenery of another country?"

That, plainly put, was what the proposal of the Count amounted to, as he had expressed it; but even he seemed somewhat taken aback by its apparent absurdity.

"No," he said, "you must not put it all down to one reason; there are many

reasons, some of them important; but at all events it is sure that if I come to live in England, I shall not be disappointed of having much pleasure in travelling."

"With you it may be different," said Bell, almost repeating what I had said the day before to the young man. "I wish we could always be travelling and meeting with such pleasant scenes as this. But this holiday is a very exceptional thing."

"So much the worse," said the Lieutenant, with the air of a man who thinks he is being hardly used by destiny.

"But tell me," broke in my Lady, as the boat lay in the path of the moonlight, almost motionless, "have you calculated the consequences of your becoming an exile?"

"An exile! there are many thousands of my countrymen in England; they do not seem to suffer much of regret because they are exiles."

"Suppose we were to go to war with Germany."

"Madame," observed the Lieutenant, seriously, "if you regard one possibility, why not another? Should I not hesitate of living in England for fear of a comet striking your country rather than Germany? No: I do not think there is any chance of either; but if there is a war, then I consider whether I am more bound to Germany or to England. And that is a question of the ties you may form, which may be more strong than merely that you chance to have been born in a particular place."

"These are not patriotic sentiments," remarks my Lady, in a voice which shows she is pleased as well as amused by the announcement of them.

"Patriotism!" he said, "that is very good—but you need not make it a fetish. Perhaps I have more right to be patriotic in a country that I choose for my own, than in a country where I am born without any choice of my own. But I do not find my countrymen when they come to England much troubled by such things; and I do not think your countrymen, when they go to America,

consult the philosophers, and say what they would do in a war. If you will allow me to differ with you, Madame, I do not think that is a great objection to my living in England."

An objection—coming from her! The honest Lieutenant meant no sarcasm; but if a blush remained in my Lady's system—which is pretty well trained, I admit, to repress such symptoms of consciousness—surely it ought to have been visible on this clear moonlight night.

At length we had to make for the shore. It seemed as though we were leaving out there on the water all the white wonder of the moon; but when we had run the boat into the boat-house and got up among the trees, there too was the strong white light, gleaming on black branches, and throwing bars of shadow across the pale, brown road. We started on our way back to the village, by the margin of the mere. The mists seemed colder here than out on the water; and now we could see the moonlight struggling with a faint white haze that lay over all the surface of the lake. My Lady and Bell walked on in front; the Lieutenant was apparently desirous to linger a little behind.

"You know," he said, in a low voice, and with a little embarrassment, "why I have resolved to live in England."

"I can guess."

"I mean to ask Mademoiselle tomorrow—if I have the chance—if she will become my wife."

"You will be a fool for your pains."

"What is that phrase? I do not comprehend it," he said.

"You will make a mistake, if you do. She will refuse you."

"And well?" he said. "Does not every man run the chance of that? I will not blame her—no; but it is better I should ask her, and be assured of this one way or the other."

"You do not understand. Apart from all other considerations, Bell would almost certainly object to entertaining such a proposal after a few days' acquaintanceship——"



"A few days!" he exclaimed. "*Der Himmel!* I have known her years and years ago—very well we were acquainted—"

"But the acquaintanceship of a boy is nothing. You are almost a stranger to her now—"

"See here," he urged. "We do know more of each other in this week or two than if I had seen her for many seasons of your London society. We have seen each other at all times—under all ways—not mere talking in a dance, or so forth."

"But you know she has not definitely broken off with Arthur yet."

"Then the sooner the better," said the Lieutenant, bluntly. "How is it you do all fear him, and the annoyance of his coming? Is a young lady likely to have much sympathy for him, when he is very disagreeable, and rude, and angry? Now, this is what I think about him. I am afraid Mademoiselle is very sorry to tell him to go away. They are old friends. But she would like him to go away, for he is very jealous, and angry, and rude; and so I go to her, and say—no, I will not tell you what my argument is, but I hope I will show Mademoiselle it will be better if she will promise to be my wife, and then this pitiful fellow he will be told not to distress her any more. If she says no—it is a misfortune for me, but none to her. If she says yes, then I

will look out that she is not any more annoyed—that is quite certain."

"I hope you don't wish to marry merely to rescue a distressed damsel."

"Bah," he said, "you know it is not that. But you English people, you always make your jokes about these things—not very good jokes either—and do not talk frankly about it. When Madame comes to hear of this—and if Mademoiselle is good enough not to cast me away—it will be a hard time for us, I know, from morning until night. But have I not told you what I have considered this young lady—so very generous in her nature, and not thinking of herself—so very frank and good-natured to all people around her—and of a good, light heart, that shows she can enjoy the world, and is of a happy disposition, and will be a very noble companion for the man who marries her. I would tell you much more, but I cannot in your language."

At all events, he had picked up a good many flattering adjectives. Mademoiselle's dowry in that respect was likely to be considerable.

Here we got back to the inn. Glasses were brought in, and we had a final game of *béziq*ue before retiring for the night; but the Lieutenant's manner towards Bell was singularly constrained and almost distant, and he regarded her occasionally in a somewhat timid and anxious way.

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—"It is perhaps unnecessary for me to explain that I am not responsible for the strange notions that may enter the heads of two light-hearted young people when they are away for a holiday. But I must protest against the insinuation—conveyed in a manner which I will not describe—that I was throughout scheming against Arthur's suit with our Bell. That poor boy is the son of two of my oldest friends; and for himself we have always had the greatest esteem and liking. If he caused us a little annoyance at this time, he had perhaps a sort of excuse for it—which is more than some people can say, when they have long ago got over the jealousies of courtship, and yet do not cease to persecute their wives with *far* from good-natured jests—and it is, I think, a little unfair to represent me as being blind to his peculiar situation, or unmerciful towards himself. On the contrary, I am sure I did everything I could to smooth over the unpleasant incidents of his visit; but I did not find it incumbent on me to become a *partisan*, and spend hours in getting up philosophical—philosophical!—excuses for a rudeness which was really unpardonable. What I chiefly wish for, I know, is to see all those young folks happy and enjoying themselves; but it would puzzle wiser heads than mine to find a means of reconciling them. As for Count von Rosen, if he made up his mind to ask Bell to be his wife, because Ellesmere looked pretty when the moon came out, I cannot help it. It is some years since I gave up the idea of attempting to account for the odd freaks and impulses that get into the heads of what I suppose we must call the superior sex."]

*To be continued.*

“AUDI ALIAM PARTEM.”

AN article entitled “Artificial Selection,” in a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, contains an able and unsparing attack on the prevalent system of Examinations. The importance of the subject, the spirit of the article, and the just celebrity of the author, all combine to increase the interest of his arguments and illustrations. I hope my motto will indicate at once the nature of the remarks I am about to offer. I do not place myself in opposition to Professor Tait, for I agree with him in viewing the prevalent system with distrust and alarm; but in the propriety of many of his criticisms I do not concur. I rejoice when an able champion appears in the field and combats on the same side as myself, but I am anxious that the blows should be delivered with discrimination as well as with vigour.

Let me premise that I do not claim any undue importance for my opinions. They have been formed by the experience gained in a residence of more than a quarter of a century at Cambridge, during which I have taken a due share in the teaching and examining which are characteristic of the place. At the same time I admit that I am no professional cultivator of science, but rather an amateur, devoting to it only such leisure as I can command. Moreover, all that I say as to teaching and examination is to be understood with respect to that which bears on the actual competition for mathematical honours at Cambridge. The article which has led to my remarks appears to me likely to suggest erroneous opinions as to the peculiarities of our system; objections are urged which may apply to some examinations, but I think not to ours, or which may have been valid once, but not at the present time. It is true that the language of the article is general; but the specific illustrations in most cases seem

to limit the application to that University in which the author himself gained his early distinction. I wish, for my part, to avoid all undue extension of statement or inference, and to confine myself to that part of the general subject of examinations which I may claim to have observed with attention. I have no ambition to imitate the clergyman who is said to have preached a course of sermons in London on the depravity of the lower orders, having obtained his materials by generalizing what he had seen in his Oxford scout.

I hope to have other opportunities of discussing examinations and kindred matters, and of stating my own opinions more fully than at present. Thus I now consider almost exclusively those subordinate topics on which the language of the article seems to me to require qualification or correction. Accordingly I leave unnoticed some important points on which Professor Tait has treated, where I heartily agree with him. For instance, he has noticed, though briefly, one objection to examinations which seems to me of vital importance. He says: “In the great majority of cases, the useful part [of knowledge] is precisely that which it is least possible to break up into detached fragments, such as those required in the modern processes of examination.” I have repeatedly advocated this opinion in private and public discussions at Cambridge, and am glad to support myself by the high authority of Professor Tait.

The severest condemnation of the writer is hurled against a thing called *Cram*, and an agent called a *Coach*. The terms seem intended to be in some way correlative; it is not the fault of the Professor that they do not adjust themselves into any consistent metaphor, for he did not invent them: it is, however, a misfortune, because we lose what might

have been a valuable aid in discovering the meaning of the combination, and it is really necessary to know what is meant by the evil which is so vehemently denounced. *Coach* is a slang term used for a private tutor; and so far we have no difficulty. There is, however, no definition of *Cram*, and all that can be safely asserted is, that the word is used to denote some product held to be obnoxious, and to be evolved by the contact of a private tutor with his pupil. I much wish that Professor Tait, instead of employing this vague metaphorical term, had explained clearly what he means to censure, and had determined whether it is a reality or a phantom, and whether it is an essential part of all examinations or only an offensive accident in some.

It may be said that the meaning of the term is to be gathered from the context in which it occurs. I accept this challenge, and proceed to show that, so understood, the word stands for a phantom. There are two passages which I must quote.

"This mysterious being [the private tutor] studies the Examiner, feels his pulse as it were from time to time, and makes a prognosis (often very correct) of the probable contents of the papers to be set, teaches the student the scraps of knowledge necessary for the answering of these, and of these only."

Again, addressing the graduates in Arts at Edinburgh, the Professor said:

"Private tutors—'Coaches' there [at Cambridge], 'Grinders' we should call them—eagerly scanning examination papers of former years, and mysteriously finding out the peculiarities of the Moderators and Examiners under whose hands their pupils are doomed to pass, spend their lives in discovering which pages of a text-book a man ought to read, and which will not be likely to 'pay.' . . . But I hope that such a system may never be introduced here."

Before I consider the substance of the accusation thus urged, I will make some incidental observations. First, the word *mysterious* is applied in the former passage to the tutor, and the word *mysteriously* in the latter to his operations.

I am sure that the writer does not wish any unfavourable sense to be attached to these epithets, but it is quite possible that a reader ignorant of Cambridge might imagine that in the nature and occupation of a private tutor there is something hidden which ought to be revealed, some element of doubtful propriety or questionable honour. The fact is quite the contrary. The eminent private tutors enjoy the consideration due to their high character and ability. Indeed, there is scarcely a distinguished mathematician in the University who has not at some period been engaged in private tuition; and it is almost as difficult to condemn a whole University as to draw up an indictment against anation.

Next, there seems to me to be some inconsistency in the latter passage. The hope is expressed that such an evil system as that of *Coaches* may never be introduced into the Northern Universities; but at the same time it is admitted that the unclean thing is there already, and indeed is known so intimately as to have acquired the name of *Grinder*.

Lastly, let me just notice the exaggeration involved in the phrase *spend their lives*, even if the occupation had been correctly described. It is a fact that private tutors, besides discharging their laborious duties and taking their share in the pressure of University business, do also attain at the same time to scientific eminence. It would be improper to refer to living examples; I will therefore mention only one name which I am confident Professor Tait honours as highly as I do myself, that of the late W. Hopkins.

But I come to the substance of the passages, and it is, I hold, demonstrable that they give a very erroneous idea of the character of private tuition. They amount to the statement that private tutors mainly concern themselves with discovering the peculiarities of the persons by whom the attainments of the pupils will be tested. Let us turn to the facts. A youth on entering the University often places himself under a private tutor, and continues with him

for the whole undergraduate period, that is, for upwards of three years. Now, the two moderators, who are the most important members of the examining body, are not appointed until about half a year before the examination which they are to conduct. Thus, not one-sixth of the whole period of tuition could be available for the practice which is erroneously suggested as the main occupation of the tutor. Nor can it be maintained that although the moderators are not formally appointed, yet it may be known with certainty long beforehand who they will be; the contrary is the case. Not unfrequently applications are made in succession to various competent mathematicians before one is found willing to undertake the office. I know a person who has declined on five different occasions to act as moderator or examiner.

Moreover, in an examining body composed of four individuals, it may be reasonably conjectured that distinctive peculiarities will mutually balance and leave a good average result.

Again, if the peculiarities of a proximate examiner were known, I believe that a judicious private tutor would not attempt to guide his pupils by the knowledge, simply from the fact that such knowledge would not really determine the proper course to take. A peculiarity most generally consists in the special knowledge or preference of some department of the subject. It may happen that this is beyond the prescribed range of the examination, and then the peculiarity of course exerts no influence. But suppose the examiner's special pursuit is within the range of the examination, still, good sense and good taste will in the majority of cases keep him from rendering it unduly prominent; and should it be a little over-represented, yet on the other hand the greater familiarity of the examiner with what he has specially cultivated, tends to make him fix a higher standard of excellence, and so practically to diminish its influence.

Lastly, I may offer my own testimony. During my own course as an undergraduate, I never heard any remark from a private tutor as to the peculiarities of

the moderators and examiners; nor did I myself ever attempt to regulate my own course while engaged in private tuition by such a principle.

There may be faults in our system of teaching at Cambridge, and I fear there are, but I am confident that we cannot be justly charged with what would really be an attempt to evade the examiners instead of meeting them honestly.

I may remind my readers that I limit myself to the practice at the University of Cambridge. We must be careful not to accumulate in our criticisms on any one system the charges which may lie distributively against various systems. For instance, in some Universities the examiners hold office for a longer consecutive period than with us; such an arrangement has the advantage of giving more stability to the examination, or perhaps some might say that it has the disadvantage of causing more monotony. It would certainly give more opportunity for the investigation of specialities in the examiners than can exist at Cambridge.

I pass to another topic,—namely, to that which is introduced by the paragraph commencing thus: "In fact, examinations are usually a farce." The statement is very general, and one is tempted to suppose that *farce* ought to be changed to *tragedy*; the labour is often very severe to the examiner, and the result disastrous to the candidate.

But the statement is, I presume, meant to affirm that examinations do not secure the end at which they aim. I apprehend much ambiguity may occur in a discussion as to the success or failure of examinations by difference of opinion with respect to the end which is or which ought to be proposed. I do not stop to discuss the point, but will give an illustration to make my meaning clear. Take up a newspaper which is discharging an attack against the University, and you will probably find the assertion made that our modern high wranglers do not become eminent in after-life. The context will show

that by eminence the writer means distinction in professional or public life; and he in fact implies, what seems to me indisputable, that we rarely or never witness now what was formerly a common phenomenon, the transformation of a high wrangler into an eminent physician, or judge, or bishop. The fact is that we have, I apprehend, gradually, half unconsciously, altered our aim from the training of men for after-life to the specific production of mathematicians; the newspaper writer sees that we have relinquished our former design, and he cannot value or understand the latter. I am far from defending the change of plan; it is sufficient for me to observe that the writer of the article apparently accepts as the proposed end of our examinations the appreciation of the merits of professional mathematicians, and holds that the end is not attained.

I cannot agree with Professor Tait. Let us assume that the aim of our whole system is to produce eminent mathematicians, and to evolve them annually in the order of merit; then I maintain that the process is attended with conspicuous success. I will not affirm that the aim is the best that could be imagined, or that the result is obtained with economy of time, of labour, or of expense; but the result certainly is obtained. The evidence is abundant. Take for example the Cambridge professoriate, which is described by the author, in conjunction with that of Oxford, as almost unequalled; I should regard our own singly, and say it is quite unequalled. This is composed nearly exclusively of senior wranglers. In other places, how often do we find a Cambridge man justifying the honour which his own University conferred on him: Professor Tait himself is a memorable example. When I look at the Mathematical Tripos lists of the present generation, and compare the places there assigned with the careers of the men in after-life, instead of complaining that occasionally the original order has been subsequently changed,

I am surprised at the general accuracy of the judgment of the examiners.

Of course I admit that in some cases the world may have varied or reversed the judgment of our examiners, and I believe that I could supply a good explanation of these apparent anomalies. This brings me, however, to a point which is discussed in the article; and, as before, I shall not dwell on those causes which Professor Tait indicates, as to which I agree with him, but take that which seems to me quite inadmissible, although he lays the main stress on it. The cause is exhibited thus:—"Why did X beat Y in such and such a year, Y being now one of the few great men living, and X unheard of? The answer is too often of this kind: 'Why, don't you remember, old Z was Moderator, and set all his problems on quaternions (let us say), which Y had not got up!'"

Now, in the first place, I think that the imaginary case is put most extravagantly. I do not believe that there is any instance in which two men were in contact at the Senate House examination, and the lower has since reached the summit of distinction while the upper is unheard of. In the second place, the number of instances which this language suggests is vastly exaggerated. When we read that the answer is *too often* of a certain kind, we naturally infer that the answer is sometimes, or even often, of another kind, and that the aggregate number of cases in which the question may be proposed is indefinitely great. But, in sober fact, how many such cases are there? The description of Y as one of the few great men now living may indeed suggest to a reader who balances the clauses that the phrase *too often* cannot be justified. I am confident that Professor Tait cannot produce more than three cases during the last forty years to which he would himself on reflection venture to apply his own words, and the propriety of the words even in these cases might be denied. In the third place, there has never been an instance during these forty years in which a moderator has constructed all

his problems, or even a portion of them, on the principles of any subject not well known to be included in the course. Lastly, by special consideration of the three cases in which alone the X and Y of Professor Tait could have played their parts, it becomes obvious that his explanation is factitious. One of these is not recent enough for Professor Tait to have any personal knowledge of the moderators of the period; I know one of them, and can assert that he is a man of sound judgment and discretion. In both the other cases I will say decidedly that it is vain to start the hypothesis of the eccentricity or unfairness of the moderators; they were well known to many still resident here, and were of undoubted judgment, experience, and ability.

At this point I will digress a little to speak of examiners. Professor Tait says that "in an unusually large experience, extending to each of the three kingdoms," he has met with but two good examiners, and he sees clearly how each even of these might be greatly improved. This mournful experience reminds us of the regret of the dying Hegel that only one person understood his philosophy, and even he did not understand it. My taste as to examiners must be far less fastidious than that of Professor Tait. My experience has been longer than his, and has, I believe, been far more intimately conversant with examinations, and the result is, that I have known only one examiner whom I should venture to call bad, and he might have been much worse. Perhaps I err on the side of charity, like the judge who maintained that all wine was good, though some might be better than the rest. With all respect to Professor Tait, I question whether his experience is particularly valuable as to the points now under consideration. He refers in particular to the Universities of London and of Cambridge; but he has never examined in either, nor has he to any appreciable extent sent pupils to be examined at those places. Perhaps his examination work has been chiefly that of his own pupils, and this may have

led him to think too lightly of the difficult position of an examiner who is fettered by official programmes or by strong tradition, and who has to make careful provision that all subjects shall be duly represented, and all modes of treatment adopted in various schools be regarded with impartial justice. The severest critics of our public examinations are generally those who do not themselves engage in the arduous and responsible duty.

It must be remembered that to frame questions is only a part of an examiner's duty; he has to inspect the answers and to arrange the candidates. Thus, before an examiner is blamed, some evidence should be brought forward to show that his arrangement is wrong, and therefore unjust; it is obvious that practically such evidence cannot be obtained in general; a tutor who has sent several pupils to the examination is the only person who is in a position fairly to criticise the examiner.

After this digression I will return with Professor Tait to the career of X and Y. We left them, it will be remembered, in a critical position; the villain of the story had intervened in the shape of Z—an unrighteous examiner—and, in consequence, vice, that is, ignorance, was triumphant, and virtue, that is, knowledge, was in distress. Behold, however, the future dispensation which is to rectify the irregularities of the present:—"To a certain extent this remedy is supplied in Cambridge by the Smith's Prize Examination (conducted by some of the very *élite* of living mathematicians), in which Y usually beats X hollow, and at the worst is bracketed equal with him." I will not stay to lament the very unsatisfactory adjustment which the *élite* of living mathematicians may sometimes effect, when they only bracket one of the few great men with a very ordinary person. I will only point out that the language is very exaggerated, and would completely mislead a stranger. A Smith's Prize Examination is held annually, and perhaps once in four or five years some change may be made by the Smith Prize Examiners in the list of the Senate



House. The cases, however, in which such a pair as X and Y are matched in contest are still rarer. As to "beating hollow," I doubt whether there is a single example of it in the present generation. Even if such a thing had happened, it was not very likely to be known on trustworthy information. The examination is not carried on before all the world, like a cricket match or a boat race : a simple notice in the shop of the University bookseller announces merely the persons to whom the prizes are awarded in the order of merit ; and the examiners are grave men of judicial character, not likely to invite any superfluous publicity. Let anyone, for example, try to imagine the serene philosopher who now sits in the chair of Newton, gratifying idle curiosity by sensational descriptions of a contest in which one man beats another hollow.

I now dismiss the episode of X, Y, and Z, which I have analysed into a fantastic romance.

Leaving, however, the particular example, and returning to general principles, I must say that I do not agree with Professor Tait as to the ameliorating influence of the Smith's Prizes Examination. I do not yield to him in admiration of the illustrious company by whom this examination is conducted, but I maintain that the result is disturbance rather than improvement. It would take too much space to discuss the causes now, so that I will confine myself to facts.

I say, in the first place, then, that the Smith's Prizes Examiners cannot be warranted to discover that merit which may have escaped the scrutiny of the Senate House Examiners. It is difficult to speak of recent cases, as our proximity to them may derange our judgment. Let me then allude to one example as to which there can be no error of parallax ; for mathematical works of the highest order attest in this case the genius of one who died too early to be personally known to the present generation. The Senate House Examiners in this case may have failed to recognize adequately the surpassing merit of the candidate ;

but then the Smith's Prizes Examiners were equally undiscerning, and with the less excuse, because the merit was precisely of that kind which they are assumed to be peculiarly qualified to detect and appreciate, and, moreover, they were by accident relieved from the contemplation of another splendour which might have thrown even the former into the shade.

But, in the second place, I assert that if the Smith's Prizes Examiners do alter the order established in the Senate House, the alteration is not necessarily a correction. The late W. Hopkins stated publicly that out of four cases during thirty years, in which the Smith's Prizes Examiners had reversed the decision of the Senate House, there was only one in which the change was satisfactory. I apprehend this testimony alone would be decisive on the point.

In the third place, however, I appeal to the opinion of the University itself, not as being unanimous on the subject, but as strongly inclining in the direction which I indicate. A few years since a body of the resident mathematicians, including all the Smith's Prizes Examiners, was appointed to consider the whole system of examination. A majority of this body came to the conclusion that "it is desirable that the Smith's Prizes be given in some way or other by the means of the Senate House Examination ;" in other words, that the special Smith's Prizes Examination was undesirable. The majority, it is true, was not large, but it was a majority, and it would have been very decided if the professors had not, naturally enough, voted unanimously in favour of their own examinations.

In leaving the subject I will just observe as a curious circumstance, that on some important occasions when the Smith's Prizes Examiners have changed the earlier decision, and have apparently had the sanction of public opinion, they were assisted by an eminent private tutor who was accidentally associated with them.

Perhaps the main difference between Professor Tait and myself lies in our views of the ratio which a professor bears

to a private tutor. He seems to me to assume the almost infinite superiority of the former to the latter. It would, perhaps, not be wrong to say that the principle of evil—*Cram*, in his language—consists in resorting to a private tutor instead of to a professor. Let us discuss the matter.

The term *professor* is one which is used with great elasticity: on the one hand, Newton was Lucasian Professor of Mathematics; on the other hand, the title is assumed by a vendor of pills and ointment, and by a teacher of calisthenics in a girls' school. Even if we disregard the extremes of the former elevation and the latter depression, it is obvious that the title expresses no absolute standard of ability or knowledge. In Cambridge the word implies eminence of most conspicuous order. There are men among us whom, taken singly, the University would not willingly exchange for the entire scientific staff of any other academic institution in England. Hence, too, naturally the class of men who stand next to our professors here may justly be said to be inferior only to them; like the thirty warriors of King David, who were of great renown, though inferior to the three mighty men. I say boldly that we have not a few resident private tutors and examiners who may fairly rank with the professors of any University in Britain. In Germany, there can be no doubt that such men would be appointed extraordinary professors; and there might be some advantage in imitating this arrangement at Cambridge.

However, let us proceed with our consideration of actual circumstances. It seems to be held in the article that all examinations ought to be conducted by a professor. I will not discuss the point fully, but only make a few observations. "Even kings die sometimes," a courtly tutor once admitted to his royal pupil; and it may not be quite blasphemous to suggest that even professors are human, and may err. For an example I will name Ivory, who was once a professor in a military college, and was undoubtedly a mathematician of great distinction,

and yet in later life he was allowed to disfigure the *Philosophical Transactions* with a mass of blunders and eccentricities. The example is doubly instructive, in showing first that there is a proclivity to error in even the greatest men; and secondly, that the machinery for checking such extravagances is inadequate, for here the first scientific society in England rather encouraged than restrained them.

Again, we must remember that there have been such things as controversies between professors, where each disputant has persisted in maintaining his own opinion. It is sufficient to observe that in such a case one of them must be wrong, and that a candidate who appears before them for examination, unless he is very lucky or very dexterous, will probably be a confessor or martyr in the cause of truth at the hands of one or the other professor.

Finally, let me observe, that if we have permanent examiners constantly occupied in the work, we do encounter the risk which the article considers so serious; namely, that of a scrutiny of the peculiarities of the examiner rather than a study of the principles of the subject. On the present system an examiner may flit like a meteor across the academic firmament, emerging from obscurity only to sink into it again; but a permanent professorial examiner would shine like a fixed star, so called, and his proper motion could be clearly observed and catalogued.

Whatever may be the evils in our examination system, I feel assured that they cannot be conjured away by any magic existing in the term "professor."

As I hold that the distinguished writer to whose opinion I am inviting attention over-estimates somewhat the mission of a professor, so I hold also that he depreciates that of a private tutor. Some persons seem to regard private tutors as we used to be taught to regard the Greek Sophists before their character had been investigated by Lewes and Grote; so that a private tutor might be held to be a teacher who for reward corrupted the intellects of

youth. It would be more accurate to compare the private tutor with the venerable Socrates himself. The business of the private tutor is not to supply his pupils with a spurious counterfeit of knowledge, but to ascertain that the reality itself is acquired; to expose ignorance by unsparing cross-examination, and to discourage idleness by incessant exhortation. While engaged in the work in former years, after teasing some huge strong pupil with questions and warnings, I have often reflected on the kind arrangement of Providence which made such great creatures so good-tempered.

There is of course no antagonism at Cambridge between the professors and the private tutors. Professorial lectures are not very numerous. Speaking generally, each professor gives one course annually on the same subject. Hence there is an absolute need of a very large amount of supplementary teaching. The private tutors usually recommend their more advanced pupils to attend the lectures of the professors; and as these lectures are not of an elementary character, they are unsuitable for the inferior students.

One great peculiarity of private tuition should, I think, recommend it to the author of the article on "Artificial Selection;" I mean this, that it illustrates in a striking manner what may be called the principle of *Natural Selection*. The problem of the best method of appointing professors cannot be said to be fully solved: experience shows that there are objections to all the methods which have been tried; that is to say, there is no absolute certainty that we shall obtain in any case the man of greatest power and attainments. Local influence may turn the scale when two candidates are nearly equal, or may absolutely pervert it when the candidates are really unequal. But the private tutor gains pupils neither by accident nor by favour, but by the sole recommendation of his ability to teach. Many enter on the occupation; comparatively few attain eminence: these, I presume, exemplify the law of the survival of the fittest.

But I must hasten to the close, and will therefore only allude briefly to some isolated topics.

The article refers to cases where, to prevent copying, two papers are drawn up in the same elementary subject, paper A being given to the 1st, 3rd, &c. on each bench, paper B to the 2nd, 4th, &c.; and where, in consequence of this arrangement, some men were rejected who would have passed, or passed who would have been rejected, if the papers had been exchanged. Then we read, "When this is possible, where is the chance of a fair examination?"

Surely this is magnifying a mere triviality into exorbitant importance. This system of examination is never employed at Cambridge in the contest for honours, but only in the most ordinary and unimportant examinations on elementary subjects, where a large crowd of undergraduates has to be submitted to some rude test. Moreover, the most remarkable ingenuity is exercised, at least at the present time, to make the two papers A and B of equivalent character and difficulty. Then, although it is of course quite possible that when a candidate is just at the level which is the boundary between acceptance and rejection a difference in the paper may affect his fate, yet it is not easy to see how this can be confidently affirmed to have happened in any specified case. Finally, it is no objection to such a mode of examination that there should be this element of precariousness in it: if the men were distributed into various rooms, so that the same paper could be given to all, two or more examiners would have to be employed, and it would be quite possible for them to vary by a shade or two in estimating the darkness of an ignorant candidate. Even if there were only a single examiner, as he could not sink to the uniformity of a machine, there might be some fluctuation in the course of the proceedings; one might be taken and another rejected, when there was really no appreciable difference. But the examination may

nevertheless be substantially just, in spite of such minute inequalities as must arise by chance in every human transaction. Experience in conducting large examinations shows me, for instance, a matter which may seem at first sight quite insignificant, but is really of far more consequence than the distinction between A and B papers: I mean a comfortable or uncomfortable position in an examination room. One lucky candidate may have a quiet station with good light; another may be tormented by the heat of a fire or by the cold of a draught, or he may be distracted by the perpetual passage of the attendants to supply pens and paper.

Let me now direct attention to a more important matter involved in the following statement:—"A man who answers correctly, according to modern knowledge, questions in Heat or Electricity, is almost sure to be plucked, unless his examiner be one of the few men who are aware that on these subjects almost all our text-books have been, till within a very few years, grossly incorrect." I sincerely hope I misunderstand this very serious accusation; it seems to me to assert that candidates are often plucked because the examiners are ignorant of the subject on which they have to examine. I do not know to what examining body the charge is intended to apply: it cannot hold with respect to Cambridge, since the subjects named have been expressly withdrawn from our examinations for more than twenty years. I venture to think that Professor Tait would make a good use of the position he occupies if he would privately draw the attention of the proper authorities to the matter whenever the ignorance of the examiner can be established or even fairly suspected.

Again, I read in a note: "Even in the 'model' University of London I have known steps to the relatively high degree of Doctor of Science to be secured by a hurried glance at the special 'points' in the text-books published by some of those whom the candidate found appointed as his examiners."

On this passage I will make two

remarks. First, what is here said to be *known* must, I think, be matter of conjecture rather than of certainty; for the only decisive evidence would be the statement of the examiners themselves, and from the nature of the case this could scarcely be obtained. Those who are practically conversant with examinations know that there is often a wide discrepancy between the estimates formed by the candidate and by the examiner of the merit of a particular effort; and, moreover, hurried glances at special points are apt to result in very unsatisfactory descriptions of what ought to have been seen.

Secondly, as Professor Tait has stated that his illustrations are drawn mainly from mathematics and physics, I should be glad to know whether the above note bears in any way on mathematics. As I have myself been an examiner in mathematics in the University of London, I think it right to mention that during my tenure of office the degree of Doctor of Science was never granted in the subjects with which I was concerned; nor, in fact, was I ever required to give an opinion as to the merits of a candidate.

As I said at the beginning, so I repeat at the end, although I have on minor points recorded my dissent from the remarks of Professor Tait, yet I hope that we are in harmony on essentials. I believe we agree in deprecating the excessive waste of that strength on elaborate examinations which ought to be carefully expended in learning and teaching. I fear that in Cambridge the evil has lately been aggravated, and I will finish by briefly alluding to our present condition.

The arrangements for the mathematical examinations have recently been revised; the matter was long discussed, and there was much difference of opinion. Some of us earnestly desired an increase in the amount and extent of professorial teaching in pure and mixed mathematics, and a diminution of the range and intensity of the fierce competitive struggles. But we did not obtain what we desired; the scheme finally adopted, by a small

majority, was precisely of the contrary character. I am, however, bound to admit that this scheme was supported by very high authority: the recommendations were signed by six professors, and by some of the most popular private tutors.

I remember being informed at the time, in the course of the public discussion, that the scheme had also received the emphatic approbation of some distinguished professors in the Scotch Universities, and I pointed out that there seemed to be some inconsistency, inasmuch as these professors supplied to their own pupils extensive and continuous instruction, while for our students they prescribed overwhelming examinations.

To justify the epithet which I have just affixed to our future examinations, I will sketch the process by which the comparative merit of our high wranglers is to be ascertained.

The examination is to range over the entire domain of pure and mixed mathematics, with the single exception of quaternions; according to the schedule there are thirty-seven subjects, almost every one of which might supply the matter for an extensive treatise.

The candidates are to be for four days in the hands of four examiners; then a short interval is allowed, and the examiners return to their work for five more days, being now assisted by a colleague. Another interval is allowed, and the candidates appear before the four Smith's Prizes Examiners during as many days. Each candidate is thus to be tested during *thirteen* days by *nine* examiners.

Such is the scheme, which seems to me conspicuous for the burden which it imposes, and the waste of energy which it encourages. The only hope is, that the skill and experience of those who have to administer the scheme will mitigate the certain evils and secure the doubtful benefits.

I fear I am like the clergymen who, after having gone through their *lastly*, *finally*, and to *conclude*, still desire to

find room for an *application*. Mine shall be twofold.

In the first place, if I have carried my readers with me in what I hope has been a temperate remonstrance against the statements and the opinions with respect to Cambridge which have been advanced in the article on "Artificial Selection," I may leave them to exercise a proper amount of watchfulness as to the other parts of the article, so as to guard against the aberration which may occasionally have been caused by the bright fancy and the warm feeling of the author.

In the second place, it is obvious that in discussing the general question of competitive examinations we must cultivate sobriety of language and impartiality of judgment. We may protest against the dangers which accompany these institutions, especially the perversion of them from the occasional exercise of youth to the absorbing occupation of manhood; but the possible and even the actual abuses must not blind us to the great benefits which have been produced. Many idle pupils have been stimulated to exertion, and some languid teachers encouraged to zeal. The self-denial, the systematic application, and the habit of struggling with difficulties, which may be learned by preparation for examinations, cannot fail to be of service when the energy that was once devoted to schoolboy contests shall be employed in the serious occupations of life. Moreover, it is surely a great advantage to have withdrawn the disposal of many introductory appointments from mere patronage, always capricious and sometimes partial, and to have made it depend on a system which is substantially uniform and just. And above all, when we criticise the process and the results of competitive examinations, we must remember that the schemes have been devised by men whose object was noble and whose motives were pure, and are administered with unassailable integrity and ability.

I. TODHUNTER.



## BELGIAN QUESTIONS.

Good often comes of evil; and if M. Thiers had persisted in his foolish and vexatious passport regulations, it would probably have had the effect of leading a considerable number of English travellers to turn from France to other parts of Europe. Considering the ties which bind Belgium to England, or, as some might perhaps be disposed to put it, which bind England to Belgium; its nearness to our shores; the ease, comfort, and cheapness with which, owing to an excellent railway system and the compactness of the kingdom, all parts of it can be visited in a brief holiday; and considering moreover the natural attractions of the country, it is surprising that it is not a more favourite resort of English tourists. There is no place where a little holiday of a week or ten days, or even two or three days, can be spent more profitably and agreeably than in a run through Belgium. It is true that a great many of our countrymen pass through it every year, but they are generally hurrying elsewhere, and have time for little more than a day in Brussels, a gallop to Waterloo, and perhaps a flying glimpse of Bruges, Ghent, or Antwerp. The impression which many of them bring away is that the beer is very bad, and that though Belgium has some picturesque nooks, it is, on the whole, rather a fat, flat, dull country, conspicuously peopled with priests in natty beavers, and by sisters of charity carrying as much stiff sail as an old three-decker in a good wind. For those, however, who care to look for it, Belgium presents within its modest limits a variety of interesting scenery. The Pays de Waes, a rich garden, sprinkled with bright, lively little villages; the green meadows of the polders; the grey wastes of the Campine, spotted here and there with patches of startling verdure; wooded landscapes in the English style, with fields, plantations, farms, and country seats mixed up together; prim old chateaus, with pepper-box turrets and steep tiled

roofs, sharp and pointed, peeping from coppices of firs or alders; the wild Ardennes, in the recesses of whose forests the wolf and the boar are still to be met with; the soft, winding valley of the Meuse, with its steep cliffs of limestone and basalt, covered with hanging woods or festooned with luxuriant creepers, its ancient castles and monasteries perched on eminences overlooking a wide sweep of level country, and its quaint, easy-going towns and villages, some of them, like Dinant, seeming to squeeze themselves with old-fashioned politeness against the wall of rock, to leave room between it and the river for the traveller to pass; the old Flemish cities, with their romantic history and architecture; the "black country," with its flashing furnaces and chimneys:—here is an abundant variety to please all tastes, and to give the zest of novelty and changing scene to a short and easy trip. For professed pleasure-seekers there is cheery Spa or more secluded Chaudefontaine. It would be absurd to rank Brussels with Paris, but it has a charm of its own; and Ostend and Blankenberghe, though they have no pretensions to rival Trouville or Biarritz, have other recommendations for those who like a quiet life. The scenery of the Meuse, if on a smaller scale than the Rhine, is in some respects more pleasing, perhaps because one expects less and finds more. A tourist who has a turn for geology can study the physical changes still in progress on the Belgian coast, which in some parts is rising and in others falling, so that from Nieuport to the mouth of the Scheldt the sea is gaining on the land, while southward to the Pas de Calais it is receding. Just now, when a revolution is evidently impending in British agriculture, and the profitable cultivation of wheat is becoming hopeless in competition with America, Hungary, and the vast plains of eastern Europe, the minute market-gardening of



Belgium is full of lessons for the farmer; and political economists might also find it useful to study the question of peasant proprietors on the spot. But it is above all to the political student that Belgium is at the present moment especially interesting. There is no other country in which the two great problems of the age—the destiny of small states, and the relations between religion and civil government—are being worked out in a more striking and instructive manner than in Belgium. Of course, in political matters it is very little that a hurried traveller can learn with his own eyes and ears, and he is perhaps more likely to be misled than enlightened if he trusts too much to his own necessarily superficial observations. On the other hand, a personal visit helps to give vividness and reality to what would otherwise be little more than empty names. With a few exceptions Belgian statesmen are little known beyond the limits of their own country, and from a distance some of their controversies are apt to present the appearance of small parish politics. Nothing can be more uninteresting at first sight than a page of debate in the Chamber or a column of petty local news. Yet it is perhaps hardly going too far to say that Belgium, in its quiet way, is doing more, just now, for the permanent settlement of more than one great European difficulty than France or Germany.

The first thing that Belgium has to think of is, of course, its means of defence against external dangers. The late Emperor of the French once remarked that the greatness of a country depended on the number of soldiers whom it mustered under its flag. From this point of view Belgium does not aspire to rank among the great Powers of Europe; but it has an army which is more than respectable in numbers and equipment, and which is a really formidable body for purposes of defence, when the fortifications in connection with which it is intended to operate are taken into account. The Belgian army on a peace footing does not exceed 41,000 men, but during the late war nearly 100,000 men were called out to defend the neutrality of the country. The troops are armed with an excellent

rifle, and the artillery is provided with guns of the best Prussian type.

The military position of Belgium is of course essentially defensive. Antwerp, which is now perhaps the strongest place in Europe, not excepting Metz or Ehrenbreitstein, supplies an impregnable base for strategical operations. The old fortifications have been pulled down and reconstructed on an improved and more extensive scale, according to plans prepared by Colonel Brialmont, the eminent engineer. The armament includes more than 4,000 guns, with ammunition enough to sustain a protracted siege. The Scheldt is well defended by forts, and on this side the country can be inundated and made quite impassable. All the *matériel* is kept in such readiness that when the order was given the year before last to place Antwerp in a state of defence, the forts of the outer line, or entrenched camp, were all armed in a few days. The equipment of the Army of Observation, ammunition trains, ambulances, &c., was also ready as soon as war was declared. These powerful fortifications, with the minor works on the Meuse, allow great liberty of action to the army, which can manœuvre on the frontiers with a strong position, easy of access by railway, to fall back upon at pleasure. At one time the project of fortifying Antwerp was regarded with much dislike by a portion of the inhabitants, who feared that the town would be cooped up within its military walls, and that its commercial prosperity would be sacrificed to its strategical strength. Experience has falsified these apprehensions. Thanks to free-trade, the trade of Antwerp has enormously increased; the ground upon which the old fortifications stood has been sold at high prices, and is now being covered with houses; and it is probable that within a few years Antwerp will have doubled its population. In the opinion of some English economists it is a mistake for Belgium to attempt to defend herself. "If I were King of the Belgians," Mr. Cobden once wrote, "and wished to transmit the crown to my descendants, I would keep on foot an army of only a few thousand men for the purposes of internal police, and rely on moral

force alone as the security of my throne." Perhaps the best comment on this advice is supplied by the fact that it was anticipated by Talleyrand, who—having, as is now known, made up his mind that Belgium ought to be a French province—strongly urged King Leopold when he accepted the throne not to think of wasting money on an army. That shrewd sovereign thanked the diplomatist warmly for his advice, but was careful not to follow it. It may be doubted whether moral force would have availed to prevent an irruption of French troops after Sedan, if the Belgians had not been mustered in force on their own frontier. It is tolerably certain that but for the ability and readiness of the Belgians to defend themselves their territory would then have been invaded. It appears, indeed, that secret instructions to that effect had been given to some at least of the French troops. If war were to break out again between France and Germany, as the pass of the Vosges is now in the hands of the latter, the French would have only one way open to them in order to get at Germany, and that would be between the Sambre and the Meuse. M. Thiers hinted as much very plainly at Versailles a few months since. The treaty which guarantees the independence of Belgium binds her to observe absolute neutrality towards all other states; but recent experience has shown that neutrality may be an onerous and costly burden. The extraordinary expenses incurred in putting the Belgian army in the field the year before last, in order that the country might be enabled to fulfil its obligations as a neutral, amounted to 32,000,000 francs.

Nothing can be more instructive than a comparison between the history of France and of Belgium since 1830, when each made a fresh start with a new king and a reformed constitution. Two revolutions and a *coup d'état*, the overthrow and exile of a couple of dynasties, a bourgeois monarchy, a revival of the Empire, and two Republics, make up the melancholy experience of France; and it is impossible to say what fresh changes may not be forthcoming within a few weeks or months. In Belgium, Leopold I. reigned in peace and honour till his death, leaving his

throne a secure heritage to his successor; and although there is no country in which political feeling is more intense, or in which more "burning" questions are constantly agitated, the internal order of Belgium has for many years never been threatened by anything more serious than a shouting mob. The history of Belgium during the last forty years has been in fact exactly the converse of that of France, and each helps to explain the other. Louis Philippe fell because he trusted to the support of a particular class, who deserted him in the hour of need, and who, even if they had stood firm, could not have made head against the wave of popular discontent which had been dammed up too long. The late Emperor, warned by the fate of his predecessor, endeavoured to govern by bribing parties all round to keep the peace; but the Empire was never more than a truce, and the truce was of course dissolved as soon as the different parties grew tired of standing still under a common despotism. The value of a constitutional system is that it allows free scope for the natural friction and rivalry of political parties; it provides a ring, as it were, in which the combatants can wrestle as much as they please, on condition that they keep their hands from each other's throats. The contest is a trial of strength, not a duel to the death, and it may be continually renewed without danger to the State, or any result more serious than a change in the Ministry of the day. Belgium has had the advantage of this settled order, and, notwithstanding its diverse nationalities and the embittered strife between clericals and anti-clericals, it has escaped the revolutionary excesses and reactions which have brought France so low. In 1846 Louis Philippe was so distressed at the prospect of a tumult in his son-in-law's kingdom that he could not help thinking of it even when in council with his own Ministers. "It is," he said in a letter to Leopold at this time, "at the Council table that I write to you. Your letters and all that I hear about the situation in Belgium ferment in my head, on account of my old experience and the revolutionary storms which have passed under my eyes. It is especially that assembly of delegates from

Belgian Associations which is about to meet at Brussels that disturbs me. It reminds me of nothing less than the Commune of Paris in 1792." His advice was to crush the movement in the bud; but King Leopold, wiser in his generation, not only allowed the Liberal Congress to meet and talk and settle its programme, but, when it appeared that it had the support of the country, he did not hesitate to admit into the Ministry the dangerous agitators whom the French King had entreated him to proscribe. Two years later Louis Philippe was a fugitive in England, while the revolutionary shock which about this time sent a quiver through most parts of Europe never reached Belgium at all. Indeed, there was nothing which disturbed the Belgians so much as the fear that their King might perhaps get tired of reigning, and abdicate of his own accord.

Leopold II. has been careful to walk in his father's steps, and by his prudent, patriotic, and statesmanlike conduct, has confirmed the loyal attachment of his subjects. In the recent crisis arising out of the Langrand-Dumonceau disturbances, he succeeded with remarkable tact and temper in piloting the country through an awkward situation, which might with a little mismanagement easily have become a dangerous one. It is known that the explosive force of gunpowder depends on the space within which it is confined, and that a considerable quantity of loose powder may be flashed off harmlessly in the open air. Political explosives are subject to similar conditions. It is significant that the International Association, which has caused so much anxiety in France, appears to have broken down in its efforts to establish itself in Belgium. It had at one time some influence at Ghent and in the province of Hainault, but it is now stated to have rapidly declined, and it is only at Verviers, where there is a considerable number of foreign workmen, that it meets with any support. It was let alone, and has dwindled down, as in England, to the mere shadow of a name.

It would appear that Belgium, the old "cockpit of Europe," has now become the stage of another great and portentous struggle,—a struggle which is certainly

not confined to that country, but which is there carried on with exceptional freedom and openness, and in a peculiar manner. "*Liberté en tous et pour tous*," the broad basis of the Belgian constitution, includes the absolute liberty and equality of all religions, separation between Church and State, and an unlimited right of meeting, discussion, and association. The Church has not been slow to perceive the use which might be made of these advantages, and is now fighting the Liberals with their own weapons. The consequence is, that some of the latter are beginning to be alarmed lest the Constitution should prove to be too free for the preservation of freedom. It may be admitted that the situation is a serious one, and that the forebodings of the Liberals are not without foundation. It is known that the clerical party would enforce the doctrines of the Syllabus to the uttermost if they had the power to do so; and they will no doubt use their victories to push the political pretensions of the Church as far as possible. This party, inspired by fanatical zeal, is led by able, enthusiastic, and, in the worldly sense, unscrupulous men, and is provided with enormous resources, in the shape both of spiritual influence and material wealth. At first sight it appears to be altogether an unequal match. M. Prevost-Paradol, in one of his essays, has drawn a graphic picture of the material proofs of the intense life and renewed activity of the Catholic Church in the French provinces. Wherever you go you find that the buildings which attract attention by their importance, their massive size, and apparent wealth, have been established for clerical purposes. It is the palace of the bishop, or the general seminary—a special school for raising priests—or the lower seminary, which is a priestly school for common education, or it is one of the daily increasing multitude of convents. The signs which may be observed in France are still more conspicuous in Belgium. There are probably not less than two thousand convents and twenty-five or thirty thousand members of religious societies in a kingdom the area of which is only about one-eighth of that of Great Britain, with a population

of some five millions. There is a convent in almost every commune, and some of the large towns have twenty or thirty.<sup>1</sup> By a dexterous and systematic evasion of the law, the religious houses have secretly acquired large domains; they naturally exercise great influence over the peasants and others, who are practically, if not avowedly, their tenants, over the tradespeople to whom they are liberal customers, over the children whom they educate, and over the vast tribe of dependants and hangers-on who are attracted round these establishments. The common schools of the State are to a great extent in the hands of the priesthood. The colleges of the Jesuits have more pupils than the royal atheneums, while the Catholic University at Louvain has twice as many students as the two universities of the State put together. There are clerical newspapers, and shoals of publications for circulation among all classes of society; and even in considerable towns there is sometimes a difficulty in finding a bookseller who has anything on his shelves except prayer-books and legends of the saints, images, and crosses.

Everything is done to attract the faithful, and it requires a stout heart to brave the denunciations and persecutions which fall upon any who dare to set themselves against the clergy. The organization of the system is complete, the discipline of the forces perfect. Religious and electoral associations are closely interwoven; meetings are held, and the priests are perpetually canvassing. Cavour's idea of a free Church in a free State has been practically realized in Belgium; and this is the result. We can hardly wonder that Belgian Liberals are sometimes tempted to despond when they survey this vast, ceaselessly active, and highly organized array. A little reflection, however, might restore their spirits and revive their hopes. In the first place, the power of the clergy in Belgium has always been considerable. They were supposed to have had a large share in bringing about the movement

which led to the independence of Belgium, and they took care when the Constitution was framed to secure not only their own independence but a subsidy from the State. According to the last religious census, the Catholics were to other communions as 400 to 1; and it is only natural that in a country which is so exclusively Catholic the priesthood should be a political power. Yet we find that all their influence and authority have not enabled them to command a steady majority in the Chamber, or to keep the Liberals out of office. It is interesting to observe the succession of Cabinets since the foundation of the kingdom. The Treaty of the Eighteen Articles, which settled the crown on Leopold I., was carried by a Liberal Government, which, having accomplished this duty, immediately resigned. The Catholics next held office for a year; then the Liberals for two years; the Catholics for five years; the Liberals for another year; and the Catholics for three years. In 1843 there was a Coalition Government, which had the support of the Catholic majority. This arrangement, with some personal changes, lasted till 1846, when the Coalition Cabinet was replaced by one composed exclusively of Catholics, which remained in power only for some months. In 1847 the Liberals succeeded in establishing an Administration which held its ground for seven years. This was the Cabinet that had its origin in the congress of delegates which Louis Philippe would have suppressed by armed force, but which Leopold had the prudence to let alone. Its long tenure of office proved the wisdom of this course and the satisfaction of the nation. In 1854 the Catholics once more found themselves in authority, but they were ousted in 1857 by a Liberal Ministry which existed down to 1869. Again the Catholics took their turn, and they are still in power, the recent change of Ministers in consequence of the agitation on account of the Langrand-Dumonceau companies, having been only a change of persons, not of policy. It appears, therefore, that the Liberals have been in office for more than half the time during which the Constitution has been in force. Moreover, it should be observed that any at-

<sup>1</sup> Those who wish to study the political and social condition of Belgium more in detail should read M. de Laveleye's eloquent and interesting Essays, to which we are indebted for some of these figures.

tempt on the part of a "pure Catholic" Government to force its views upon the towns has invariably been followed by a reaction against it, and by an increase of strength to the Liberal party; and there is no reason to suppose that this would not be the result if the present Ministry should be so unwise as to push matters to extremities. It is true that a change has of late come over the spirit of the leaders of the Catholic party, and that they are more daring and intolerant than they used to be. Driven successively from its old supremacy in Austria, Italy, and Spain, confronted by Prince Bismarck in Germany, and by the revolution still smouldering in France, the Papacy is now endeavouring to construct for itself a stronghold on the free soil of Belgium. There it is storing up its treasures, drilling its recruits, marshalling its reserves. It may be true, as has been asserted, that the greater part of the kingdom is now a freehold of Rome; but the freeholder has still to reckon with the population, and painful experience can hardly fail to have warned him that the safety of his property depends on the goodwill of the inhabitants. Instead of being alarmed at the vast estates and accumulated capital of the Catholic Church in Belgium, the Liberals might more reasonably regard them as a pledge of good behaviour. A body which is bound over in such heavy bail to keep the peace may be expected to think twice before exasperating its opponents by extreme measures. The clergy must be well aware that a confiscation of the goods of the Church has usually been the result of provoking a popular outbreak. It is in itself an enormous advantage to the cause of political freedom that the fanatical upholders of the Divine Right of the Church should occasionally hold office under a constitutional system; it must tend to temper their violence, to inculcate caution, conciliation, and the virtues of compromise. It was natural, perhaps, that the Catholics, who had so long been in opposition, should be somewhat violent at first when they came into power in 1869; but already the beneficial influence of ministerial experience has been shown in the moderation of the party. The Government has found itself precluded from rushing to the rescue

of the Pope, and the Belgian Ambassador in Italy has followed the King from Florence to Rome.

The Belgian Liberals, who are now asking themselves whether freedom in its fullest cause can safely be allowed to the Church, would do well to remember that the object of a free constitution is not necessarily to secure the ascendancy of the Liberal party. The value of a constitution consists in giving free expression to the opinions and desires of the majority of the people. The Constitution should fit the nation as a coat fits the man who wears it; and it would be an unmistakable proof that there was something faulty in the Belgian Constitution if it prevented the Church, to which all but a small minority of the people adhere, from exercising a large and even a paramount influence in the administration of affairs. The Liberals would do well to imitate the Church in making the most of the freedom of action which is allowed by the Constitution. Education is freely thrown open to private enterprise; Catholics and Liberals have each a University and schools of their own, maintained at their own expense and under their own control; and it is for the Liberals to prove that they are as much in earnest as the Catholics, and willing to make equal sacrifices in order to provide the best teaching for the people. In speaking of Catholics and Liberals as the two great parties in the State, we have followed the Belgian usage; but the classification is perhaps in some degree misleading, as the Liberals are for the most part Catholics in faith, although they repudiate the political pretensions of the Church. Between the Ultramontanes, who believe in the Syllabus as their gospel, and the equally rabid Freemasons, who bind themselves over to renounce all religious rites and to have nothing to do with the ministers of any religion, there is a large body of sober, moderate, sensible men, who maintain the equilibrium of the country, and throw their weight against the side which for the moment seems to be over-balancing the ship. It would perhaps be well for the progress of orderly freedom and the securities of peace if there were more Belgians in Europe. J. H. FYFE.



## THE DILKE DEBATE AND ITS LESSONS.

On Tuesday, March 19th, 1872, occurred one of those scenes in the House of Commons which, when calmly and soberly reviewed, must lead even that august assembly to entertain some remote doubts of its own perfection. The circumstances may be briefly recounted, and a practical lesson deduced from the recital. Upon the eventful evening in question, Sir Charles Dilke had secured the first place on the "Notice Paper," and had announced his intention of diving into the mysteries of the "Civil List." As this gentleman had obtained a somewhat unenviable notoriety during the recess by a speech at Newcastle, which to the majority of mankind seemed to have been singularly ill-timed and misplaced, and as that speech appeared inseparably connected with the subject which he was about to bring under the notice of the "House," more than usual interest attached to his notice of motion. It was thought by some persons that an opportunity would be taken by the youthful Baronet to correct possible misrepresentations as to certain points in that speech, to retract statements made in error, and to show that the attacks so freely directed against him had been at least in some measure undeserved. But whether this line or that of justifying his previous assertions would be the one adopted, certain it is that the motion secured a full House, and that the "Strangers' Gallery" and the "Ladies' Gallery" equally gave evidence of the interest taken in the forthcoming debate. Accordingly Sir Charles had the satisfaction of addressing a large audience; and although there was a decided manifestation of disapproval from the Opposition on his rising, and only a very faint cheer from those in his immediate vicinity, yet it must be admitted that for the space of nearly two hours the

House listened to his oration with a patience which must be termed exemplary. It is not part of our duty to-day to describe either the matter or the manner of that oration. It may, however, be permissible to remark that Sir Charles Dilke cannot be reckoned among the first rank of parliamentary orators, and that the matter of his speech was certainly unpalatable to the great majority of his hearers. They listened, however, to the end, with far less interruption than has often been given to a speech containing much less that was decidedly disagreeable to the listeners, and towards the hour of seven Sir Charles resumed his seat. He was followed by the Prime Minister, who criticised his statements with close severity, accused him of inaccuracy and carelessness in several of them, and, after pointing out the connection in men's minds between the Newcastle speech and the motion, concluded by saying that, having regard to that connection, the House would probably be disposed to negative the motion, even without further debate. There was nothing the House desired more. It is probable that, justly or unjustly, nine-tenths of the House held the opinion that to negative the motion without further discussion would be the best—perhaps the only way in which they could show their disapproval of the doctrines broached at Newcastle, and their affectionate loyalty for their Sovereign. At all events, Mr. Gladstone's speech was cheered from first to last, and there can be no doubt that the House—if they had had the power to do so—would have passed to a division at once, and the matter would have come to an inglorious, though not generally unsatisfactory, termination. The Fates, however, forbade any such peaceful result. Mr. Auberon Herbert rose to



address the House, and it soon became evident that he intended to persevere. The whole of the Opposition, and no inconsiderable number of the Liberals, appeared to be united in their efforts to prevent his being heard. Ministers remained calmly upon their bench, but, with the exception of the Speaker's chair, this and the front Opposition bench were the only places upon which the semblance of calmness was to be found. The outcries, hootings, and howlings which ensued have been described in the "usual channels of information," and need not be here recapitulated. Still Mr. Herbert persevered. An hon. member moved that the House be counted, the motion having been preceded by the outward rush of some two hundred members. But Ministers maintained their seats, and a sufficient number of Liberals remained to render futile four similar attempts, each of which evidently strained the rules of the House, but which the Speaker was powerless to stop. Presently Lord Eustace Cecil called the Speaker's attention to the fact that there were "strangers" present. However, the Speaker, naturally anxious to avoid the clearing of the galleries, quietly ignored the remark, and it was not until Lord George Hamilton rose and pointedly called his attention to the same thing that he felt obliged to order the galleries to be cleared. Mr. Herbert, however, apparently having his speech carefully written out, cared little for the absence of "strangers," and still persevered in his determination to be heard. Mr. Dodson took umbrage at a sound as of cock-crowing, and asked the Speaker if it was in order, to which the Speaker replied "No," and added that the disturbance gave him "very great pain." Still no perceptible effect was produced; an arrangement was openly made with Mr. Herbert across the "floor of the House" to "give him five minutes more," to which that gentleman assented, but, being somewhat interrupted, insisted upon "more time" still, to the great indignation of his hearers, especially Mr. Headlam, who sat on the opposite

bench with his watch in his hand pointing in great indignation to the infraction of the bargain. At last this scene, like all other things, came to an end, and after a grandiloquent rebuke to the House from Mr. Mundella, a division upon the adjournment, the re-admission of reporters, and a speech from Mr. Fawcett, who deemed it necessary to explain why he did not agree with his friend Sir Charles Dilke, the House divided, and the Chelsea Baronet found himself with two supporters.

This is as fair and accurate an account of the proceedings of the 19th March as we are able to give, and the lessons to be learned are not far to seek. Of course, it is easy to condemn the offending members of the House as having behaved like noisy schoolboys, and degraded the dignity of "the first Legislative Assembly in the world." It is easy, moreover, to say that the cause which they had at heart—the cause of the Monarchy and Constitution of the country—would have been better served by a strict abstinence from anything approximating to oppression on the part of the majority; that Mr. Herbert's theories would have had far less effect upon the ignorant and discontented, if they had been listened to with calm dignity, and refuted by argument, instead of being encountered with rude and unintelligible noises; and that Republican views, if they are ever to obtain sympathy in England, are more likely to do so when their advocates are able to say, with apparent truth, that their opponents are afraid to meet them with quiet and reasonable discussion. We all know that persecuted Error is the next strongest thing in the world to persecuted Truth, and that if you want to make a man and his views popular, the surest way to do so is to make him a martyr, and a martyr in consequence of his advocacy of those views.

Nor is it difficult to take another line altogether, and to partially excuse the House of Commons on the ground of the peculiarity of the circumstances. The subject was one into which inquiry at the moment and at the bidding of the

particular individual who asked it, would have signified in the eyes of the public much more than was conveyed by the mere words of the motion. The Prime Minister had deprecated further debate—there was really little more to say upon the subject; and, after hearing one gentleman of Republican proclivities for nearly two hours, the indisposition to hear another was exceedingly natural. Then, Mr. Auberon Herbert, though exceedingly amiable in private life, had hardly yet attained to high parliamentary position, at all events not to such position as should have entitled him to set himself against the almost unanimous feeling of the House; and without wishing to detract aught from his merits as a man, there was probably a general feeling that, as a senator, he was not likely to throw much additional light upon the subject. Moreover, Mr. Herbert had recently somewhat offended the good taste of the House (which is extremely fastidious in such matters) by stepping in, as an English member, with an amendment to the Scotch Education Bill, which Scotch members did not want; and besides, he rose on the present occasion with notes for a speech so large in their shape, and apparently voluminous in their nature, that the House was evidently apprehensive that two hours might turn out to be the normal limit of Republican orators, and shuddered accordingly. Last, not least, the magic hour of dinner was rapidly approaching, and, considering that the result of the division was a foregone conclusion, hon. gentlemen did not like to forego their dinner also in order to satisfy the ambitious desire of Republican No. 2 to emulate his predecessor in oratorical display.

No doubt there is much to be said in favour of either view of the case, and it would be easy to follow up the subject at greater length. But the practical lesson we desire to draw is one more especially with reference to the rules and regulations of the House of Commons itself.

Two of the subjects which were brought before the Select Committee

upon Public Business which sat last year were (1) the desirability of introducing the *clôture* in some shape or other, and (2) of abrogating the privilege now possessed by any individual member of the House of clearing the gallery of strangers at his discretion or rather indiscretion. The treatment of both these subjects received a practical commentary on the night of March 19th. The *clôture* was not even discussed by the Select Committee; yet its introduction would have saved the Legislature on the occasion of which we are writing from a scene which most persons will consider to have been discreditable, and which no one will uphold as having been conducive to the dignity of the British Parliament.

Why was Mr. Herbert continually interrupted? Because, the House being, or believing itself to be, unanimous in its desire to close the debate, was utterly and totally powerless to do so in any legitimate manner. The House has not scrupled—never does scruple—to decide upon questions of vast magnitude after comparatively short discussions; it thinks itself quite competent to entrust to its Committees matters affecting millions of capital and the fate of enormous interests; it has no hesitation in voting away public money with the fullest (and perhaps the most justifiable) confidence that it is doing that which is right and necessary; it trusts immensely to the discretion of its individual members for maintaining its rules of procedure: but there is one thing on which—unlike every other legislative assembly in the world—it constantly and timorously declines to trust itself collectively—namely, the power of closing its own debates. And it is because the non-existence of this power is repugnant to men's common sense, and productive of enormous and practical inconvenience, that upon occasions like that of the 19th March, when its want is greatly felt, recourse is had to illegitimate and discreditable means to obtain that which should be attainable in an ordinary and proper manner.

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existed, it would probably be used too often, and in a way which would become eventually oppressive, although possibly not so at first. But the answer is, that no one asks for the adoption of any system of *clôture* save under proper restrictions. Take the instance in question. As soon as the disinclination to hear Mr. Herbert became apparent, some one (had the power existed) would have moved that "the question be now put," i.e. that the debate should close and the division be taken. That question would then have been put by the Speaker. What more easy than to provide that if a given number—say only ten—of the members present should signify their desire that the debate should continue, either by giving their voices, or by standing up in their places at the Speaker's request, the question "that the debate be now closed" should be held to be resolved in the negative, and the discussion should continue, a second appeal to the *clôture* not being permissible for another hour? Some such regulation would check abuse, whilst, on the other hand, the abuse—equal if not greater—of one member forcing himself upon the attention of the House against the will of everybody else, and very likely stopping important public business, would be prevented.

It is probable that on the 19th March Mr. Herbert's speech would have been cut short; and although no one who is acquainted with that gentleman can doubt the honesty and sincerity of his convictions, it is within the range of possibility that the loss to the country of his oration would have been sustained with equanimity. And it will probably be allowed, by those whose experience enables them to judge of the temper and general tone of the House of Commons, that had such a legitimate test of the feeling of the House been possible, and had it resulted in the fact being ascertained that a real desire to continue the debate existed even among a small minority of members, the expressions of opposition to its continuance would in all probability speedily have ceased. They were indulged in because their in-

dulgence was the only possible means which the House of Commons has left to itself when it desires to express its collective wish that a debate should cease; and until, in its wisdom, it consents to take to itself a power from which other legislative assemblies do not shrink, it must be expected that such manifestations will be from time to time repeated with a greater or less vehemence of expression, according to the peculiar circumstances of the case.

No doubt much may be urged with regard to the necessity of protecting, by fixed and stringent rules, the rights of a minority; but these must not be carried so far as to render the power of a majority entirely nugatory. If the House of Commons were a mere Debating Society, such a state of things might be regarded with indifference; but considering the immense difficulty of passing measures even of primary importance, the number of Bills which are postponed from session to session for lack of time to discuss them, and the enormous value of time to an assembly so overweighted with business, it is hardly too much to ask that some restraint should be permitted to be exercised on the part of an overwhelming majority of the House over the debate-lengthening propensities of individual orators.

But if the incident to which we have been alluding affords a commentary upon the proposal for the adoption of some form of *clôture*, much more does it illustrate the inconvenience and absurdity of the retention of the privilege now possessed by every individual member of clearing the galleries and banishing "strangers" at his pleasure.

The abrogation of this "privilege" was carried by one vote in the Select Committee of 1871, and it must be candidly confessed that the minority contained the names of several gentlemen of long parliamentary experience, whose opinions are entitled to the greatest weight. Yet when the Government proposed, during the present session, to adopt the views of the Committee, and a discussion thereupon ensued, the arguments in favour of the existing system

appeared singularly weak. They seemed to rest chiefly upon the fact of the usage having been "hallowed by antiquity" and established by that bugbear of all improvement—"the wisdom of our ancestors." The respected Chairman of Ways and Means (Mr. Dodson), whose conduct of, and attention to, the business of the House, public and private, entitled his opinion to the greatest consideration, actually made it one ground of opposition to the abrogation of this system that, "although an anomaly, there were other anomalies which would still remain if this were removed;" as if a man who chanced to be afflicted with half-a-dozen different complaints should never seek a cure unless it would remove all his diseases at once. Then it was gravely argued that occasions might arise on which it would be most desirable, for public reasons, that strangers should be excluded; the propounder of such an argument being apparently oblivious of the fact that, if such reasons existed, they would probably be such as would commend themselves to the good sense of the body of the House, and not to one individual member alone, and that no one proposed that the House collectively should part with the power of exclusion, but only that it should no longer delegate it to any one of its members acting upon his own judgment of the necessities of the case. It was stated, moreover, that the instances in which this power had been exercised had been exceedingly rare for many years past, and that members might be trusted not to exercise it save in cases of an exceptional character.

So much difference of opinion was displayed upon the question, that, after an attempt on the part of Mr. Bouverie to amend the proposal of the Government, which led to the discovery that it could not be altered on the moment without danger of making matters worse, the discussion was fortunately adjourned. We say "fortunately," because the occurrence of March 19th threw a new light upon the subject. Various motives had been supposed likely to lead to the exercise of this ancient "privilege" of annoying a number of harmless people

and causing public inconvenience. The House had been reminded of the Irish legislator who excluded strangers because his own speeches were not reported to his satisfaction; and the instance was fresh in their minds of the same exercise of power by a Scotch member, who objected to the presence of strangers during the debate upon the Contagious Diseases Bill, thereby depriving the public of the power of exercising a fair judgment upon the respective merits of speeches, some of which were duly corrected and sent to the newspapers or to "Hansard" for publication, whilst others, perhaps not less valuable, but less "prepared" and therefore not so sent, were unfortunately lost to posterity.

But it was reserved for the eventful 19th March to show that this power of exclusion might be exercised from yet another motive—viz. that of "putting down" a speaker whom an individual member did not desire to hear. The object of those who called upon the Speaker to take notice that there were strangers in the gallery might have been simply to turn the whole proceedings into ridicule; to induce Mr. Auberon Herbert to desist from making a speech which there would be no reporters to report, or possibly to prevent "strangers" and outsiders from witnessing a scene not particularly creditable to the House of Commons. Be this as it may, the proceeding failed, as it was sure to fail, to accomplish any of these objects in a satisfactory manner. The ridiculous character of the proceedings was not affected by the clearing of the galleries; outsiders had already witnessed enough to enable them to form their own opinion of the creditable nature of the scene, and Mr. Herbert had sufficiently prepared his speech to be able to send an accurate copy to the "usual sources of information." All that was therefore effected by the exercise of this delightful "privilege" was the infliction of great inconvenience upon a large number of persons who (probably some of them with much difficulty) had obtained seats in the galleries, the manifestation of the politeness and consideration of the

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British House of Commons to several illustrious strangers (including the American Minister) who found themselves, without rhyme or reason, suddenly bundled out of their seats in the Peers' Gallery, and the deprivation of a number of people next morning of the pleasant reading in their day's paper of a truthful account of a certain portion of the previous evening's work, although the latter was partially supplied by certain persons who were enabled by their position to remain, and charitably gave to the public their own versions of what occurred.

Be it observed, moreover, that the act of exclusion was not the act of gentlemen—such as have sometimes been found in the House of Commons—habitually eccentric or wrong-headed, or at all likely to perpetrate an act of folly, if so this act may be termed. On the contrary, both the noble lord who first suggested the idea, and he who eventually followed it up to the final catastrophe, are hard-working, zealous members of Parliament, whom any impartial judge will admit to be creditable representatives of the constituencies for which they sit. It is not, therefore, only from the eccentric, foolish, or headstrong, that the exercise of this unnecessary and unwholesome power may be expected, but its existence tempts better men to use it in moments of excitement, and the temptation is one to which they should not be exposed. It is all very well to talk grandiloquently about ancient and time-honoured usages, and the care and caution with which we should proceed before consenting to the alteration of practices which have endured for centuries. But let us ask ourselves this simple question: If we were now for the first time making rules and regulations for the conduct of business in the House of Commons, would any sane man propose that this power of excluding strangers should be vested in the hands of any single member of the House? Surely no one would answer this question in the affirmative. The power is one wholly opposed to the spirit of the age, as well as to that reason

and common sense by which mankind is supposed to be ordinarily guided. If this is the case, why retain that which can be of no good service, but which is only tolerated because so seldom exercised?

There is, moreover, another view of the case. The only means by which the public have a knowledge of what their representatives in Parliament are doing is through the presence of the reporters. Are the public likely to uphold by their opinion the continuance of a power which enables any member to deprive them of this knowledge at any moment? Is it worth while at the present day to keep up this fiction of parliamentary "privilege," when a very brief consideration must convince anyone that this is a knowledge which the public ought to have, to which it conceives it has a right, and without which it will not be satisfied? It is to be hoped that the recurrence, after such a short interval, of this exclusion of strangers by an individual member, will strengthen the Government in their determination to put an end to such an anomalous state of things. Let the House retain in its own hands the power of exclusion. Let it, if it so please, even declare that the demand for exclusion by a certain proportion of members, less than a majority, shall be complied with; but let it at least rescue itself from a state of things so absurd and inconvenient as that engendered by the present rule.

The consideration of these subjects naturally brings us to one or two other points in connection with the business of the House. Government, the House, and the country may be congratulated upon the success of the proposal to allow Supply to be proceeded with on Mondays without an intercepting motion, after the Speaker has once left the chair, and the House has gone into Committee upon the particular class of Supply which stands for discussion. This, without unfairly curtailing the privileges of "private members" (who still have all other Supply nights, besides Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, to ventilate



grievances and to discuss their own particular measures), will enable Ministers to arrange the business of the House with greater certainty, and to secure the discussion of particular votes in estimates upon particular nights, a security which no plan has hitherto given. The full effect of this alteration has not yet been seen, but we shall be disappointed if it is not found to be of material advantage.

Meantime, it is somewhat curious to observe the crops of suggestions for amendment of the rules and regulations of the House, which immediately followed the announcement of the intention of the Government to deal with the subject this session. When the House rose for the Easter recess (the matter having been dealt with in only a desultory manner up to that date, and the Monday alteration having been the only one carried by the Government), the Notice Paper perfectly bristled with notices upon the subject. "Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer," Mr. Bowring, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, Lord John Manners, Mr. Monk, Mr. Newdegate, Sir Colman O'Loughlen, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Pim, Mr. McLaren, Mr. Dickinson, Sir John Pakington, Lord Robert Montagu, Mr. William Fowler, Mr. Clay, Mr. Raikes, and Mr. Headlam, had all notices affecting various points of greater or less importance, intended to be moved, whenever the day should come which the Government might fix for the renewal of the discussion upon this question. Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson and Mr. Hunt, wiser in their generation, had placed their notices upon the same subject as motions for a private members' night, and the indefatigable Mr. Collins had by the same method already carried his proposal that no fresh opposed business should be commenced after half-past twelve at night. The above host of notices might furnish the theme for a dissertation much longer than we can now enter upon. The alteration of the hours of sitting on Tuesdays, the establishment of a fixed and definite time before which "morning sittings" should not commence, restrictions upon "counts

out," and (more important still) upon motions for adjournment, are all points well deserving of consideration; and a more important alteration still is that suggestion, only as yet dimly shadowed forth, that Bills should be habitually referred to Grand Committees of the House, instead of being considered by the whole House itself in Committee. In these and other suggestions there is much of good, although they must not be hastily accepted without a due consideration of the evils which they may also entail.

There is, however, one suggestion, for the first time actually placed upon the paper of the House, which is indicative of the growing appreciation of the "talk" nuisance. Mr. Anderson, the member for Glasgow, proposes "that it is expedient to put it in the power of the House by a call of 'Time' to stop a speaker at any time after his address has lasted twenty minutes, except in the case of members moving resolutions on the order sheet, or speaking on Bills of which they have charge."<sup>1</sup> The first observation which will probably occur to anyone who reads the above notice will be to the effect that the House of Commons will never consent to place such a check upon its members, and so greatly to interfere with the freedom of debate. The observation is, doubtless, justified by the experience of those who have watched the jealousy with which the House guards not only its freedom of debate, but the privileges of its members.

But Mr. Anderson's motion, although unlikely to be adopted, is one which should be commended to the attention of the talkers of the House; for, indubitably, it is only the beginning of a crusade against talk, which the abuse of the privilege will infallibly produce.

In an article upon the subject in this Magazine, which appeared in October last, the writer alluded to four highly respectable gentlemen who had distinguished themselves by the number of

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hunt also has a proposal of a somewhat similar nature, limited, however, to speeches upon Fridays.

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their speeches in the session of 1871. He was particularly careful to point out that these gentlemen were by no means the only "habitual criminals" in this respect, and his excuse for naming two of them was that they had been alluded to, and defended by, Mr. Disraeli, in his speech, upon the 8th of August last, upon the dead-lock of business. Unfortunately, however, one of these gentlemen, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, was dissatisfied with the allusion to himself, and impugned the accuracy of the statement as regarded the number of his speeches, which had been given as 76—i.e. 34 upon the Ballot, and 42 upon other subjects.

The number had been carefully taken from *The Times*, and if certain short sentences were classed as "speeches," many other short speeches were unquestionably made by the hon. gentleman which, owing to the lateness of the hour or press of other matter, were not reported, and consequently not reckoned; so that, far from any injustice having been done, the number of speeches, long and short, delivered by the member for Whitehaven probably exceeded, by a not inconsiderable amount, the number quoted in the October article. But the accuracy of the writer having been questioned, he has carefully perused the five volumes of *Hansard* for 1871, and classified the speeches therein attributed to Mr. Cavendish Bentinck under two heads—those reported in more than six lines of print, and those given in a less number, though even this test is favourable to the orator, as speeches are nearly always abbreviated and never lengthened in the report. The result is somewhat startling. Besides asking eight questions, the hon. gentleman appears to have made *twenty* speeches reported under six lines (of which *sixteen* were upon the Ballot), and no less than *seventy-one* speeches of greater length

(*forty-four* upon the Ballot and *twenty-seven* upon other subjects), so that ninety-one (and not seventy-six, according to the too lenient statement made in the article alluded to) was the real number of speeches with which Mr. Cavendish Bentinck must be credited. It is to be hoped that the hon. member will be satisfied with this explanation.

But there is no desire to criticise in an invidious spirit the parliamentary conduct of any individual member. The question for the House to weigh is whether it can any longer, with a due regard to its own character and the importance of the business it has to transact, trust the length of speeches entirely to the discretion of those who speak, or whether the time has not come for the establishment of a rule by which, under proper restrictions, it may exercise, collectively, a seasonable power of curtailment and restraint. The necessity of some such rule becomes daily more apparent. It may not be popular in the House itself, because there is a natural disinclination to abandon "time-honoured" privileges, or to impose new conditions upon debate. But there is a power outside the House of Commons which watches its proceedings with a vigilant and critical eye, and which appreciates the value of the time so constantly and recklessly wasted by inconsiderate orators. The power of public opinion is upon the side of this salutary change; and the House will do well to anticipate, by some well-considered alteration of its rules, the pressure which will eventually be put upon it by those who see useful measures postponed and precious hours thrown away, session after session, because the House has hitherto lacked courage to deal firmly with the question, and to exercise a useful and legitimate control over its own members.

E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

## FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

## IN MEMORIAM.

ON Friday, the fifth of April, a noteworthy assemblage gathered round an open vault in a corner of Highgate Cemetery. Some hundreds of persons, closely packed up the steep banks among the trees and shrubs, had found in that grave a common bond of brotherhood. I say, in that grave. They were no sect, clique, or school of disciples, held together by community of opinions. They were simply men and women, held together, for the moment at least, by love of a man, and that man, as they had believed, a man of God. All shades of opinion, almost of creed, were represented there; though the majority were members of the Church of England—many probably reconciled to that Church by him who lay below. All sorts and conditions of men, and indeed of women, were there; for he had had a word for all sorts and conditions of men. Most of them had never seen each other before—would never see each other again. But each felt that the man, however unknown to him, who stood next him was indeed a brother, in loyalty to that beautiful soul, beautiful face, beautiful smile, beautiful voice, from which, in public or in secret, each had received noble impulses, tender consolation, loving correction, and clearer and juster conceptions of God, of duty, of the meaning of themselves and of the universe. And when they turned and left his body there, the world—as one said who served him gallantly and long—seemed darker now he had left it: but he had stayed here long enough to do the work for which he was fitted. He had wasted no time, but died, like a valiant man, at his work, and of his work.

He might have been buried in West-

minster Abbey. There was no lack of men of mark who held that such a public recognition of his worth was due, not only to the man himself, but to the honour of the Church of England. His life had been one of rare sanctity; he was a philosopher of learning and acuteness, unsurpassed by any man of his generation; he had done more than any man of that generation to defend the Church's doctrines; to recommend her to highly cultivated men and women; to bring within her pale those who had been born outside it, or had wandered from it; to reconcile the revolutionary party among the workmen of the great cities with Christianity, order, law; to make all ranks understand that if Christianity meant anything, it meant that a man should not merely strive to save his own soul after death, but that he should live here the life of a true citizen, virtuous, earnest, helpful to his human brethren. He had been the originator of, or at least the chief mover in, working men's colleges, schemes for the higher education of women, for the protection of the weak and the oppressed. He had been the champion, the organizer, the helper with his own money and time, of that co-operative movement—the very germ of the economy of the future—which seems now destined to spread, and with right good results, to far other classes, and in far other forms, than those of which Mr. Maurice was thinking five-and-twenty years ago. His whole life had been one of unceasing labour for that which he believed to be truth and right, and for the practical amelioration of his fellow-creatures. He had not an enemy, unless it were here and there a bigot or a dishonest man—two classes who could not abide him, because they knew well that

he could not abide them. But for the rest, those from whom he had differed most, with whom he had engaged, ere now, in the sharpest controversy, had learned to admire his sanctity, charity, courtesy—for he was the most perfect of gentlemen—as well as to respect his genius and learning. He had been welcomed to Cambridge, by all the finer spirits of the University, as Professor of Moral Philosophy; and as such, and as the parish priest of St. Edward's, he had done his work—as far as failing health allowed—as none but he could do it. Nothing save his own too-scrupulous sense of honour had prevented him from accepting some higher ecclesiastical preferment—which he would have used, alas! not for literary leisure, nor for the physical rest which he absolutely required, but merely as an excuse for great and more arduous toil. If such a man was not the man whom the Church of England would delight to honour, who was the man? But he was gone; and a grave among England's worthies was all that could be offered him now; and it was offered. But those whose will on such a point was law, judged it to be more in keeping with the exquisite modesty and humility of Frederick Denison Maurice, that he should be laid out of sight, though not out of mind, by the side of his father and his mother. Well: be it so. At least that green nook at Highgate will be a sacred spot to hundreds—it may be to thousands—who owe him more than they will care to tell to any created being.

It was, after all, in this—in his personal influence—that Mr. Maurice was greatest. True, he was a great and rare thinker. Those who wish to satisfy themselves of this should measure the capaciousness of his intellect by studying—not by merely reading—his Boyle Lectures on the religions of the world; and that Kingdom of Christ, the ablest "Apology" for the Catholic Faith which England has seen for more than two hundred years. The ablest, and perhaps practically the most successful; for it has made the Catholic Faith look

living, rational, practical, and practicable, to hundreds who could rest neither in modified Puritanism or modified Romanism, and still less in scepticism, however earnest. The fact that it is written from a Realist point of view, as all Mr. Maurice's books are, will make it obscure to many readers. Nominalism is just now so utterly in the ascendant, that most persons seem to have lost the power of thinking, as well as of talking, by any other method. But when the tide of thought shall turn, this, and the rest of Mr. Maurice's works, will become not only precious but luminous, to a generation which will have recollected that substance does not mean matter, that a person is not the net result of his circumstances, and that the Real is not the visible Actual, but the invisible Ideal.

If anyone, again, would test Mr. Maurice's faculty as an interpreter of Scripture, let him study the two volumes on the Gospel and the Epistles of St. John; and study, too, the two volumes on the Old Testament, which have been (as a fact) the means of delivering more than one or two from both the Rationalist and the Mythicist theories of interpretation. I mention these only as peculiar examples of Mr. Maurice's power. To those who have read nothing of his, I would say, "Take up what book you will, you will be sure to find in it something new to you, something noble, something which, if you can act on it, will make you a better man." And if anyone, on making the trial, should say, "But I do not understand the book. It is to me a new world:" then it must be answered, "If you wish to read only books which you can understand at first sight, confine yourself to periodical literature. As for finding yourself in a new world, is it not good sometimes to do that?—to discover how vast the universe of mind, as well as of matter, is; that it contains many worlds; and that wise and beautiful souls may and do live in more worlds than your own?" Much has been said of the obscurity of Mr. Maurice's style. It is a question whether any great thinker be any-

thing but obscure at times; simply because he is possessed by conceptions beyond his powers of expression. But the conceptions may be clear enough; and it may be worth the wise man's while to search for them under the imperfect words. Only thus—to take an illustrious instance—has St. Paul, often the most obscure of writers, become luminous to students; and there are those who will hold that St. Paul is by no means understood yet; and that the Calvinistic system which has been built upon his Epistles, has been built up upon a total ignoring of the greater part of them, and a total misunderstanding of the remainder: yet, for all that, no Christian man will lightly shut up St. Paul as too obscure for use. Really, when one considers what worthless verbiage which men have ere now, and do still, take infinite pains to make themselves fancy that they understand, one is tempted to impatience when men confess that they will not take the trouble of trying to understand Mr. Maurice.

Yet, after all, I know no work which gives a fairer measure of Mr. Maurice's intellect, both political and exegetic, and a fairer measure, likewise, of the plain downright common sense which he brought to bear on each of so many subjects, than his Commentary on the very book which is supposed to have least connection with common sense, and on which common sense has, as yet, been seldom employed; namely, the Apocalypse of St. John. That his method of interpretation is the right one can hardly be doubted by those who perceive that it is the one and only method on which any fair exegesis is possible—namely, to ask,—What must these words have meant to those to whom they were actually spoken? That Mr. Maurice is more reverent, by being more accurate, more spiritual, by being more practical, in his interpretation, than commentators on this book have usually been, will be seen the more the book is studied, and found to be, what any and every commentary on the Revelation ought to be—a mine of political wisdom. Sayings will be found, which will escape the

grasp of most readers, as indeed they do mine, so pregnant are they, and swift revealing, like the lightning-flash at night, a whole vision: but only for a moment's space. The reader may find also details of interpretation which are open to doubt: if so, he will remember that no man would have shrunk with more horror than Mr. Maurice from the assumption of infallibility. Meanwhile, that the author's manly confidence in the reasonableness of his method will be justified hereafter, I must hope, if the Book of Revelation is to remain, as God grant it may, the political textbook of the Christian Church.

On one matter, however, Mr. Maurice is never obscure—on questions of right and wrong. As with St. Paul, his theology, however seemingly abstruse, always results in some lesson of plain practical morality. To do the right and eschew the wrong, and that not from hope of reward or fear of punishment—in which case the right ceases to be right—but because a man loves the right and hates the wrong: about this there is no hesitation or evasion in Mr. Maurice's writings. If any man is in search of a mere philosophy, like the Neo-Platonists of old, or of a mere system of dogmas, by assenting to which he will gain a right to look down on the unorthodox, while he is absolved from the duty of becoming a better man than he is and as good a man as he can be—then let him beware of Mr. Maurice's books, lest, while searching merely for “thoughts that breathe,” he should stumble upon “words that burn,” and were meant to burn. His books, like himself, are full of that *θυμός*, that capacity of indignation, which Plato says is the root of all virtues. “There was something,” it has been well said, “so awful, and yet so Christ-like in its awful sternness, in the expression which came over that beautiful face when he heard of anything base or cruel or wicked, that it brought home to the bystander our Lord's judgment of sin.”

And here, perhaps, lay the secret of that extraordinary personal influence which he exercised; namely, in that

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truly formidable element which underlaid a character which (as one said of him) "combined all that was noblest in man and woman; all the tenderness and all the strength, all the sensitiveness and all the fire, of both; and with that a humility which made men feel the utter baseness, meanness, of all pretension." For can there be true love without wholesome fear? And does not the old Elizabethan "My dear dread" express the noblest voluntary relation in which two human souls can stand to each other? Perfect love casteth out fear. Yes: but where is love perfect among imperfect beings, save a mother's for her child? For all the rest, it is through fear that love is made perfect; fear which bridles and guides the lover with awe—even though misplaced—of the beloved one's perfections; with dread—never misplaced—of the beloved one's contempt. And therefore it is that souls who have the germ of nobleness within, are drawn to souls more noble than themselves, just because, needing guidance, they cling to one before whom they dare not say or do, or even think, an ignoble thing. And if these higher souls are—as they usually are—not merely formidable, but tender likewise, and true, then the influence which they may gain is unbounded, for good—or, alas! for evil—both to themselves and to those that worship them. Woe to the man who, finding that God has given him influence over human beings for their good, begins to use it after a while, first only to carry out through them his own little system of the Universe, and found a school or sect; and at last, by steady and necessary degradation, mainly to feed his own vanity and his own animal sense of power.

But Mr. Maurice, above all men whom I have ever met, conquered both these temptations. For, first, he had no system of the Universe. To have founded a sect, or even a school, would be, he once said, a sure sign that he was wrong and was leading others wrong. He was a Catholic and a Theologian, and he wished all men to be such likewise.

To be so, he held, they must know God in Christ. If they knew God, then with them, as with himself, they would have the key which would unlock all knowledge, ecclesiastical, eschatological (religious, as it is commonly called), historic, political, social. Nay, even, so he hoped, that knowledge of God would prove at last to be the key to the right understanding of that physical science of which he, unfortunately for the world, knew but too little, but which he accepted with a loyal trust in God, and in fact as the voice of God, which won him respect and love from men of science to whom his theology was a foreign world. If he could make men know God, and therefore if he could make men know that God was teaching them; that no man could see a thing unless God first showed it to him,—then all would go well, and they might follow the Logos, with old Socrates, whithersoever he led. Therefore he tried not so much to alter men's convictions, as, like Socrates, to make them respect their own convictions, to be true to their own deepest instincts, true to the very words which they used so carelessly, ignorant alike of their meaning and their wealth. He wished all men, all churches, all nations, to be true to the light which they had already, to whatsoever was godlike, and therefore God-given, in their own thoughts; and so to rise from their partial apprehensions, their scattered gleams of light, toward that full knowledge and light which was contained—so he said, even with his dying lips—in the orthodox Catholic faith. This was the ideal of the man and his work; and it left him neither courage nor time to found a school or promulgate a system. God had his own system: a system vaster than Augustine's, vaster than Dante's, vaster than all the thoughts of all thinkers, orthodox and heterodox, put together; for God was His own system, and by Him all things consisted, and in Him they lived and moved and had their being; and He was here, living and working, and we were living and working in Him, and had, instead of building systems of our own, to find out His

eternal laws for men, for nations, for churches; for only in obedience to them is Life. Yes, a man who held this could found no system. "Other foundation," he used to say, "can no man lay, save that which is laid, even Jesus Christ." And as he said it, his voice and eye told those who heard him that it was to him the most potent, the most inevitable, the most terrible, and yet the most hopeful, of all facts.

As for temptations to vanity, and love of power—he may have had to fight with them in the heyday of youth, and genius, and perhaps ambition. But the stories of his childhood are stories of the same generosity, courtesy, unselfishness, which graced his later years. At least, if he had been tempted, he had conquered. In more than five-and-twenty years, I have known no being so utterly unselfish, so utterly humble, so utterly careless of power or influence, for the mere enjoyment—and a terrible enjoyment it is—of using them. Staunched to his own opinion only when it seemed to involve some moral principle, he was almost too ready to yield it, in all practical matters, to anyone whom he supposed to possess more practical knowledge than he. To distrust himself, to accuse himself, to confess his proneness to hard judgments, while, to the eye of those who knew him and the facts, he was exercising a splendid charity and magnanimity; to hold himself up as a warning of "wasted time," while he was, but too literally, working himself to death,—this was the childlike temper which made some lower spirits now and then glad to escape from their consciousness of his superiority by patronizing and pitying him; causing in him—for he was, as all such great men are like to be, instinct with genial humour—a certain quiet good-natured amusement, but nothing more.

But it was that very humility, that very self-distrust, combined so strangely with manful strength and sternness, which drew to him humble souls, self-distrustful souls, who, like him, were full of the "Divine discontent;" who

lived—as perhaps all men should live—angry with themselves, ashamed of themselves, and more and more angry and ashamed as their own ideal grew, and with it their consciousness of defection from that ideal. To him, as to David in the wilderness, gathered those who were spiritually discontented and spiritually in debt; and he was a captain over them, because, like David, he talked to them, not of his own genius or his own doctrines, but of the Living God, who had helped their forefathers, and would help them likewise. How great his influence was; what an amount of teaching, consolation, reproof, instruction in righteousness, that man found time to pour into heart after heart, with a fit word for man and for woman; how wide his sympathies, how deep his understanding of the human heart; how many sorrows he has lightened; how many wandering feet set right, will never be known till the day when the secrets of all hearts are disclosed. His forthcoming biography, if, as is hoped, it contains a selection from his vast correspondence, will tell something of all this: but how little! The most valuable of his letters will be those which were meant for no eye but the recipient's, and which no recipient would give to the world—hardly to an ideal Church; and what he has done will have to be estimated by wise men hereafter, when (as in the case of most great geniuses) a hundred indirect influences, subtle, various, often seemingly contradictory, will be found to have had their origin in Frederick Maurice.

And thus I end what little I have dared to say. There is much behind, even more worth saying, which must not be said. Perhaps some far wiser men than I will think that I have said too much already, and be inclined to answer me as Elisha of old answered the over-meddling sons of the prophets: "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?"

"Yea, I know it: hold ye your peace."

C. KINGSLEY.